The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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STOLEN JEWELS DESPATCHED BY PIGEONS.

A Detective Nips a Clever Scheme in the Bud, and brings a Parlour Maid to Grief.

The Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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13 WEEKS 13

Send 2s. 8d. to the MIRROR OF LIFE, 108, Fleet Street, E.C., and the paper will be sent you, post free, for thirteen weeks.

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OUR MOTTO,

"BE JUST AND FEARLESS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. (Cambridge).—Will appear in our next issue.

L. (Belfast).—You can address Frank McHugh, care of this office.

NEWSAGENT (Woolwich).—He should exchange unsold copies for you.

G. L. N. (Manchester)—Order your weekly supply of your wholesale agent.

SUBSCRIBER (Limerick)—See record of Peter Maher elsewhere in this issue.

S. W. (Bristol).—If he refuses to supply you regularly please drop us a post card.

INQUIRER.—It was Frank Craig whom you saw riding in the High Road, Lewisham. He is stopping at Eltham.

ALBERT (Gravesend).—Send 2s. 8d. to THE MIRROR OF LIFE, 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C., and the paper will be mailed to you, post free, for thirteen weeks.

BROWN (Sunderland).—We will mail you "The Life and Battles of J. J. Corbett," post free, on receipt of one shilling.

NEXT Monday night the National Sporting Club opens its regular boxing season, the principal event to be decided being the international middle-weight contest between Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, and John O'Brien, the Welsh champion, which is limited to twenty rounds. Both men have been carefully prepared for the battle, which is pretty certain to be bitterly contested. Should Craig prove a victor he will virtually be recognised as the middle-weight champion of Great Britain, and will issue a challenge to take on any man in the world at 11st 4lb. O'Brien is being well backed to win, but in order to accomplish that task he will have to perform much better than he did when he faced David St. John. The Cooler comes here recommended as a remarkably good man, being aggressive in his tactics and a hard hitter. He has probably done more glove fighting in the past two years than any other pugilist in the world, and has never barred size or colour when called upon to enter the ring.

* * *

IN our previous issues we claimed that Bob Fitzsimmons would whip Dan Creedon, the Australian, in short order. He performed the task with ridiculous ease. We now wish to go on record as predicting that the Cornwall man will dispose of Jim Corbett when they meet in the ring. He will not whip Corbett as easy as he has Hall, Choynski, and Creedon, because Gentleman Jack will resort to running tactics to prolong matters, but he will have to eventually come within range of Fitz's sledge-hammer blows, and when he does Corbett and his championship title will be knocked into a cocked hat.

* * *

OUR column "Kicks from the Editor" is well worth reading this week, and those who appreciate fiction will no doubt avail themselves of carefully perusing the gossip. It contains many facts that must be recognised by all who have of late noted the movements of the "coves wot mill for their brass."

* * *

FRANK M'HUGH, the clever 8st Yankee pugilist, is in London, the guest of Pony Moore. He is a remarkably good man, and will take a lot of beating. Frank has contested in many ring fights, and has proved himself a tip-topper in his class. Should he meet George Corfield, the Sheffield wonder, in a twenty-rounds match it would result in one of the best contested mills witnessed in this country for many a day.

* * *

LORD HAWKE'S team of English cricketers are putting up a pretty stiff game in the States, and it looks as though they will return covered with honours as a result of their visit. We hope that A. E. Stoddart's eleven will perform as brilliantly on their Australian trip. We are aware of the fact that the climate in the colonies is very trying to an Englishman, but with careful diet the men will find little difficulty in getting accustomed to the heat.

* * *

ENGLISH pugilists have not met with a great deal of success in the States during the past week. Billy Plimmer, whom the Birmingham people regard as a phenomenon, was unable to get better than a draw after fighting twenty-five rounds with Johnny Murphy, a second rater. Stanton Abbott fared as badly when he met Jack Everhardt. It is possible that the climate in America is not congenial to our lads, or have they deteriorated? Both our lads should have come out victorious.

* * *

WE fully agree with "Constant Reader," Belfast, when he says, in a letter to THE MIRROR OF LIFE: "I wish to state that I have never missed a copy of your splendid journal. I look forward to Wednesday of each week as a treat, because on that day I receive THE MIRROR OF LIFE, which I would willingly pay sixpence per copy for. From every issue I cut out the portraits and records and paste them in a scrap-book, and I have now a collection invaluable to anyone who is fond of sporting. It certainly amuses my pals, and they highly appreciate every opportunity to have a glance at the book. This is a tip for your readers, and it should make them display a deeper interest in the very best sporting journal in the world."

* * *

RIGHT you are, "Constant Reader," and we are indeed thankful for the kind interest you take in our paper. We should like to hear of many more just like you. In years to come your collection will indeed be a valuable one, but whilst you are hoarding up the portraits and records don't forget the "Kicks from the Editor" and "Sporting Anecdotes." They should also be equally interesting to such a genuine sportsman as you have shown yourself to be.

SHE DANCED A HORNPIPE.

A Young Society Lady who knows how to Handle her Feet to Perfection.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IT is becoming quite a fad for society ladies to indulge in step-dancing at drawing-room receptions. The skirt-dancing craze has seen its best day, and now step-dancing bids fair to become a favourite amusement. At a drawing-room reception in the West End, one of the young ladies performed a sailor's hornpipe in a manner which would have caused many a professional to have become envious.

IT is January 1, in the year of nineteen hundred, and we have just awakened out of a long sleep. Our bones crack every time we bend our legs or arms, and our hair is as white as snow; otherwise we should never have known we had been slumbering for five years and three months. The first thought that cropped up in our mind was to enquire about Peter Jackson and James J. Corbett. We were surrounded by several physicians in a large hospital ward, and as we spoke we heard one remark, "This is truly a case without parallel, and we should therefore reveal to him the information he desires, otherwise his nervous system might receive another shock which would terminate fatally to him." The speaker was evidently the consulting physician, and turning to us he said: "Prepare yourself for the worst. About the time you lapsed into silence Jackson left for Cuba, en route to England, disgusted with the way Corbett had acted in avoiding a fight. Gentleman Jack was finally forced into a fight with Bob Fitzsimmons, and, though he owned the club, the referee and timekeeper, Bob got in a knock-out blow which settled the whole affair. Jim made a tour of the States, exhibiting himself as the man who was soundly thrashed by Fitzsimmons. Don't excite yourself. Brady perverted the truth to such an extent that his tongue got tied up in a knot, and possibly if you visited New York city you would notice him meandering about the Thespian quarter gesticulating to a parcel of brokendown actors; yes, he went broke, but he is given an occasional sup of beer in order to keep body and soul together."

"Where is Peter Jackson?" "Oh, he is in London; his hair has turned white, and his mind continues to wander because of his scurvy treatment from the Corbett party. He has some money; but, better still, a large following of friends who will gratify his every desire."

"Is George Dixon still fighting?" we asked.

"No; George died only recently, and those who pass by the cemetery where his remains lie claim that the bones rattle in the coffin as though he is trying to break loose for another fight. Tom O'Rourke holds forth in New York, and they say Tom is growing quite dusky in appearance; the people call him the black Irishman. He grieves over the death of Dixon, and realises he worked Geo ge to his grave. Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, turned out to be a good man, and, after reaping a small fortune, he settled down in London. They say he is a Spaniard, and is married to an English lady of prepossessing appearance." When we inquired after some of the other pugilists our informer said: "Jem Mace is still on earth. He took another farewell benefit the other day and proposed a tour to the other world, but he hasn't gone yet. I hear he is somewhere in the kingdom hunting up an octogenarian to fight him to a finish; in fact, Jem says he will concede a few years for the sake of getting on a match. Ah! yes, both are doing well; it's a boy, and they say it looks just like the old 'un.

"Mace, Pritchard, and Burge were sorry they advised Corbett not to fight in England at the National Club, and when Corbett was pressed hard he rounded on the trio for misrepresenting the club. Sam Blakelock retains his eminence as a trainer, and is known as the man who has trained John L. Sullivan and other champions. Yes, he stutters as bad as ever; but Sam has a host of friends, and manages to make a lot of money.

"Jem Smith keeps a pub, and can frequently be seen comfortably settled in an easy chair laughing up his sleeve to think that the British public stood him as a champion. When business gets dull he comes boldly forward and threatens to re-enter the ring, but such rot invariably ends in 'smoke.' Slavin occasionally challenges the world, but so long as he doesn't fight no harm is done. George Corfield has blossomed forth as a publican; he beat several men since you saw him, and now stands open to fight at 7st 12lb, give or take nothing. George is a good match-maker, and will not listen to a battle outside of the drill hall at Sheffield. They don't fight in club rooms now; everything has changed. When two men arrange a match they train in evening attire before a mirror, and the battle is decided before a kinetoscope, and reproduced in THE MIRROR OF LIFE together with a vivid description, so the public enjoy the affair at a nominal cost of twopence. Don't become alarmed when I inform you that the short-haired division have left the East-end. You can see them most any day riding through Rotten Row, and if you wish to meet The Grecian, The Stiff 'Un, or Swipes the Terror personally, call at their residences in Belgravia. Dick Burge challenged the world the other day, and some fellow from Darkest Africa came forward to take him on. No, it won't come off. Poor Dick; his truss fell down, and he had to forego the pleasure. Arthur Callan is still busily engaged trying to solve how it was that Jack Gover fought him so many drawn battles. He has exhausted several reams of paper in mapping out the various blows, but can't understand why it was that Gover came again after receiving that right-hander on the jaw. Arthur says Jack must have a cast-iron jaw, because his knuckles still feel a bit sore."

"About the time you lapsed into silence Jack Gorman, of America, talked of coming here to fight at 7st 4lb, and a dozen or more started on a hunt for him. Yes, he came over and sought refuge in a vat; the English lads jumped in after him. They are getting along all right. They are still in the vat arguing the point on when to weigh in. We believe the vat has run dry, and the whole batch will shortly come to the surface again. To fight? No; to look for another vat full of beer."

We grew rather anxious about THE MIRROR OF LIFE, and naturally asked how the paper was progressing. The whole party in chorus replied: "Have you not heard? Why THE MIRROR OF LIFE has swept everything before it, and is the greatest newspaper published. The proprietors were compelled to place a limit of 250,000 circulation on the paper, and copies frequently sell at a premium. It is the authority for sports in all parts of the world."

* * *

THEIR OPINIONS APPRECIATED.—If there is one thing we appreciate more than another, it is flattery. Why! we prefer that to money, sometimes, particularly when we are three sheets in the wind. It would be impossible for us to obviate our weakness, so that when any compliment is bestowed upon THE MIRROR OF LIFE we are ever ready to step forward and claim all the credit. That is the reason why we swelled out our chest and posed in such a dignified manner when Harry Spurden, the 9st champion, called on us the other day and remarked how he had heard George Johnson, Pedlar Palmer, Johnny Boyle, Tom Williams, Jerry Driscoll, Arthur Callan, and Jack Maloney say that they understood John Fleming, A. G. Bettinson, James E. Dewhurst, Richard Smith, and B. J. Angle declare that THE MIRROR OF LIFE was by long odds the smartest and best-posted sporting journal ever published, and, though they did not know positively that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales read our paper weekly, they felt quite certain that he was always prepared to give credit where credit was due, and if the facts were known it would be shown that his Highness at least glanced over all the sporting anecdotes and gossip, because he, like all others, had a desire to keep thoroughly posted on all branches of sporting, and to do that he would certainly have to see THE MIRROR OF LIFE every week.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

WE have had an exceptionally large number of visitors to THE MIRROR OF LIFE office during the past week. The most prominent of those who have called include Joe Darby, world's champion at jumping; Jack Jones, business manager of Darby; Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler; Frank M'Hugh, American champion 8st pugilist; Harry Spurden, 9st champion; Ernest Pickard; Jim Beavan; and James Rymer, the marvel of Mile End at rapid shaving.

"THE main trouble in their divorce will be over the possession of the children, I hear."

"So? I wonder which one will be compelled to take them?"

* * *

SHE: "Dear, shall I sing you that song that you once vowed was the thing that first made you fall in love with me?"

He (drowsily): "Yes, dear;—music always—helps—one—to—fall—asleep!"

* * *

"I'M going to become a professional prize-fighter." "What! Why, man, you haven't the slightest command of language."

JEALOUS OF BILLY PLIMMER.

When Aumann, the Williamsburg saloon-keeper, drank himself to death five years ago, says a correspondent writing from New York, he left a fifteen-year-old daughter, who inherited her mother's good looks and her father's disposition for excess. Even at that age she had begun to be wild, and her widowed mother lost all control over her. She was always travelling about with the wild young men who hung around Jack McAuliffe's White Horse saloon, and, in spite of her tender years, was looked upon as a sport right straight through.

She had a good voice and was anxious to have it heard upon the stage. So when her mother made some attempt through the courts to keep her indoors after ten o'clock at night, she ran away from home and began to sing in a Coney Island concert hall. The police hunted for her diligently, and at last one of John Y. McKane's men found her and brought her in. McKane sent her home with a lecture, and she stayed with her mother in the house No. 576, Wythe Avenue, for nearly a year. Not that she settled down at all. She was out every night. She got even prettier, and she had learned how to dress herself well, so she always had someone of Jack McAuliffe's bravos in her train.

Two years after she was sent home by the police she reappeared in Coney Island. She came from a concert hall where she had made her second debut. It seems her mother had given up trying to restrain her, and let her come and go as she liked. She had only sung in the West Brighton Casino two nights when she met Billy Plimmer, the English bantam, and fell in love with him. He was about the same number in her list of mad infatuations as she was in his. It appears that both of them were satisfied with their crops of wild oats, and were anxious to settle down. That was three years ago, when she was 18 and he about 22. They went to live at Escott's Hotel, at the corner of Schweickert's Walk and the Bowery, and they have lived there, with intervals of absence, ever since. They had separate rooms, but she was known as Mrs. Billy Plimmer. She had his picture in her watch, and he had her picture in his watch.

As the months went by and each held to the original infatuation they began to think of going to church together. Mrs. Aumann, up in Williamsburg, was told about it, and she approved of Billy to such an extent that a year ago he ate his Christmas dinner at her house. Everybody down at Coney Island knew that they were to be married, and so there was no hurry about it. Billy had many friends, and so did Gold-Tooth Emma, as she was called because of the conspicuous gold fillings in two of her side teeth. And things at Coney Island are not so straight-laced as they are a few miles further away from the wicked old unconventional sea. Finally it was settled that Billy and Emma were to marry this fall. Billy had a date to fight Tim Murphy, of Boston, in New Orleans, on September 27, and he said that he would marry her as soon as he came back from the fight.

It must not be imagined that this common-law married life that has been going on for nearly three years was without its tribulations. Emma was a hysterical woman, subject to fits of insane and unreasonable jealousy. Eight months ago Plimmer stayed out too late, and when he got home he found her half asphyxiated in a room full of gas. Every week or so he had trouble with her, usually over some fancied assault upon his affections by someone of the many fascinating young women of Coney Island. Several weeks ago Billy went abroad to see his parents, and when he came back went on the road with his own "All Star and Speciality Company." All this time Emma stayed at home with her mother.

Billy got back to Escott's on September 9 to go into training for the fight, which is near at hand. Emma at once came down and joined him. They wandered about all day together, as lover-like as if they were in the first flush of their fondness. They had a good many drinks, and when Griffo, roaming on Coney Island's Bowery, made an exceedingly broad and insulting remark to Emma, it took four or five men to prevent an awful fight.

Billy explained to Emma that he could not drink or keep late hours while he was in training, and therefore he had decided not to live with her at Escott's, but to go over to Stubenbord's Hotel and make it his headquarters for a time. At first Emma seemed to be satisfied with this. But as the day wore on and she took more drinks than were good for one of her excitable disposition, she decided that Billy would stay at Escott's with her if he loved her. Billy reasoned with her and remained firm. They separated in a bad humour each with the other. Towards 11.30 Emma came over to Stubenbord's and went up to Billy's room. She demanded that he come with her at once. She was furiously jealous, and the more he explained the angrier she got. She charged him with unfaithfulness, with intending to "shake" her, and all his protests were in vain. At midnight she went out crying, and as she stood in his doorway, she said:

"All right, Billy. I'll go back alone, and you'll never see me again alive."

She went back to Escott's, and sat there drinking with Mrs. Escott, Fanny Nelson, and Dolly Hannon until 2.30 a.m. Then Escott came in and suggested that it was time to close up. So everybody went upstairs. Emma went into her own room. She was laughing and joking with the girls to the last moment.

On September 10 Billy Plimmer went down to Escott's to get some sweaters he had left in his room, which was next to Emma's room. As he went into his room he noticed a strong odour of gas, and at once rushed to Emma's door and pushed it open. A great volume of gas blew out into his face. He went in and threw up the curtain and the window. On the bed lay the girl, undressed for sleep, her hair fallen about her bare shoulders, her face blue and swollen. Billy picked up her bare arm. It was icy cold. With a scream that rang through the little wooden hotel he fell across her body.

The girl had been dead several hours. On the floor beside the bed was a bit of note paper with this scrawl in ink upon it:

Dear Billy—And I ask you to forgive me.

That was all. When the undertaker came they had to tear Billy from her body. Then there was a procession through the tawdry, gay streets of Coney Island. The dead wagon with the body of the young girl in it led, and behind followed on foot a long train of concert girls, the sports, prize-fighters, toughs, fakirs, and the like. All had sad faces, and the women were weeping, for Emma had been a jolly girl, who kept to her own fellow and gave no one cause for jealousy.

Plimmer was half mad with grief. He happened to see Griffo, and, remembering Griffo's remark to the dead woman, and feeling that he ought to do something to show how he loved her and how he felt, he leaped at Griffo and caught him a stinging blow under the ear that nearly knocked him down. Griffo went at him, but the sports interfered and explained to Griffo what had happened. Griffo put his arm around Billy and apologised, and told him how sorry he was, and then they walked behind the dead wagon arm in arm.

The same day Mrs. Aumann, the mother, called at the Gravesend village morgue, and declared her intention of taking the body home for burial, stating that she would pay the expenses.

"I'll pay all expenses an' give her a good funeral," said Billy Plimmer, as, with red eyes and grief-stricken face, he approached the body.

"Oh, you wretch; you are the cause of it all!" exclaimed Mrs. Aumann, and the tears streamed anew down her cheeks. "If it had not been for you she would still be alive. Don't talk to me—don't say a word to me."

"Say—I—I—loved her—I'll do the square thing. Give me a chance."

But the distracted mother signalled for the removal of the body.

So Emma, the wayward one, came home at last.

BENT ON DESTRUCTION.

A Would-be Murderer Fails to Hit the Mark, is Knocked Down, and Placed Under Arrest.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Rather an exciting episode occurred in a café in Paris the other day, which came near resulting in the death of several persons. It appears that two couple were enjoying a repast in the café and in the best of spirits, when a man entered the establishment and proceeded directly to the table where the quartette were seated. After a heated conversation with a man about the manner in which he had deprived him of the attentions of a young woman, the intruder drew forth a revolver and opened up fire. The shots went disagreeably close to the object aimed at, and that individual quickly arose, grasped a chair, and hurled it at the man who was discharging the shots. Fortunately it knocked him over, and in falling the firearm fell from his hand. The would-be murderer was quickly placed in charge and bustled off to a police station.

PETER MAHER.

A Dublin Heavy-Weight who has Won Many Fights in America.

(With Portrait.)

The vast improvement Peter Maher, the Dublin heavy-weight, has made in his form as a pugilist in the United States during the past eighteen months places him in the ranks as a formidable man for championship honours. He has an effective right, which will bring any man to grief whom it lands upon. He has backing to the extent of £1,000 in support of a challenge to any heavy-weight in the world. Maher was born in County Galway, Ireland, 24 years ago, stands 5ft 11½in tall, and fights at 13st. He began his pugilistic career when, as an employee of Guinness's brewery, he whipped a well-known pugilist of Dublin, who was the terror of the town.

He met J. E. Sullivan, who stood over 6ft and weighed about 13st 3lb, and Maher beat him in three rounds. That same night he met another big one named Martin O'Hara, who quit in the first round.

Maher's first fight as a professional was with Jim O'Doherty, in Dublin. The police stopped the fight in the sixth round, Maher having by far the best of the affair. In 1889, on Peter Jackson's visit to Ireland, he boxed Maher. The contest ended after two rounds, with Jackson the winner.

He was defeated by Robert Hair for the amateur championship of England in 1888. Bob Fitzsimmons made him quit in two rounds at New Orleans in March, 1892. Joe Goddard beat him in three rounds at the Coney Island Athletic Club in 1892.

Maher's victories are many. That they have been of short duration the following table shows:—

	Rounds.	Year.
Alf Bowman, Dublin	6	1889
Gus Lambert, London	1	1891
"Bubbles" Davis, Philadelphia	4	1891
"Sailor" Brown, New York	1	1891
Jack Smith, New York	1	1891
Tom Lynch, Buffalo	6	1891
Jim Daley, Philadelphia	1	1891
Jack Fallon, New York	2	1891
Joe Godfrey, Philadelphia	1	1892
Mike Monahan, Philadelphia	3	1892
Jack Thomas, Baltimore	1	1892
Charles Jackson, Baltimore	2	1892
Jem Forster, Baltimore	1	1892
Val Flood, Robie	3	1893
George Godfrey, Boston	6	1894
Frank Craig, Boston	2	1894

EPHRIAM ACKNOWLEDGED HIS GUILT.

How a Judge Induced a Chicken Thief to Make a Confession.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In the State of Virginia the coloured men are noted for their desire to steal chickens, and the white folks find it impossible to protect their fowls unless placed under a strong lock and key. A coop was recently visited, and some valuable game cocks taken, one in particular being matched for a goodly sum of money to do battle. The bird was captured in the black quarter of Richmond, and, in order to bring about the punishment of the culprit, those who resided in the immediate vicinity were placed under arrest. When brought before the judge each one in turn stoutly protested his innocence, until it came to Ephriam Johnson, who appeared to rather mix his story a trifle. The rooster was in the court-room under a large vessel, and when Ephriam declined to tell a straightforward tale the vessel was raised and the bird produced. It began to crow vociferously. That was more than Ephriam could stand, and in a pleading voice he exclaimed:

"Dar's no use denying de allegation, yo' honor. I'se did take dat rooster, but Sim Jones held der bag while dis yere nigger took der bird off der roost. Let me go dis time, and, 'pon my honour, I'se never look at annuder chicken again long as I breathe der bref of life."

In view of the fact that he convicted himself a small fine was imposed and a good lecture extolled never to indulge in midnight marauding in chicken coops or melon patches.

CHARLES MAWSON.

A Clever Comedian and Pantomime Artist who Performs in "Heroes of the Fleet."

(With Portrait.)

Charles Mawson when a boy of twelve took to the stage, and appeared in conjunction with "Marriott's Merry Minstrels" as cornerman, his specialty being an acrobatic Canadian skate dance, turning somersaults on the thin blades of an ordinary pair of skates, which in those days created quite a sensation. He next joined the Jarrett troupe of pantomimists at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, subsequently touring through France, Germany, Spain and America, playing with the Ravel Family, J. L. Fox, W. H. Harvey, and "Waltie" Hildyard, all famous pantomimists. After marrying Miss Florence Archer they joined forces as duetists, visiting all the leading music-halls in the kingdom, reverting to pantomime each Christmas, playing clown and columbine respectively. Charlie has been proprietor of several pantomime companies, playing mostly on the Continent with success. Charlie is now "boss" of the nautical comedy "Heroes of the Fleet."

WILLIAM GIBB.

A Belfast Boxer who Trains and Handles Joe Craig, the Irish Middle-Weight Champion.

(With Portrait.)

With Belfast sporting men there is no one who is so popular as William Gibb, a clever boxer and trainer. He handles Joe Craig, and is given the credit of bringing that champion to the front as a representative Irish pugilist.

Jones: "Have you heard about the mean trick I played on my wife?"

Brown: "Do you mean the time you married her?"

* * *

Trivvet—I went fishing yesterday.
Dicer—Get any bites?
Trivvet—Only one; but I shot the dog.

MEMOIRS OF TOM SPRING.

(Concluded.)

Not being satisfied with the result of his first meeting, Jack Langan again faced Tom Spring at Birdham Bridge, near Chichester, June 8, 1824, for a stake of 500 guineas a-side, though seventy-seven rounds were contested in 1hr 48min, and Langan displayed remarkable bottom before he was forced to succumb to the prowess of Spring.

That was the champion's last conquest within the roped arena, and he was presented with a testimonial, including a silver tankard, May 30, 1846, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn; died at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, August 20, 1851; buried August 25, 1851, at Norwood Cemetery. A monument was raised by subscription to his memory.

SERVED HIM A GOOD LESSON.

Two Plucky Girls Treat a Cowboy to a Dose of Cold Water for his Impertinence.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"Give a cowboy firearms," says a correspondent from Nebraska, "and he generally makes it a point to terrorise everybody with whom he comes in contact. Publicans invariably act in a lenient manner, and the people at large scamper off and give them a wide berth. At McCook, however, there are two women who know of no such word as fear, and when a cowboy entered a pub. there the other day to discharge his firearms at random they speedily informed him that such actions would not be tolerated. Their protests were met with a jeer and a few insulting remarks. Without a word of warning they grasped the intruder and threw him to the floor. Whilst one held him down the other presented him with several buckets of cold water. That cooled down his feelings to such an extent that an apology was quickly forthcoming, and he was finally let off, but not until he had deposited sufficient cash to defray the cost of the repairs for the damage he had done."

THE FAMOUS HOFFMAN HOUSE BAR.

Ed. Stokes and his Drinking Saloon in New York, the Walls of which are Adorned with Costly Paintings.

(Subject of Illustration.)

After Ed. Stokes murdered Jim Fiske in New York City in 1872 the public were under the impression that Stokes would never dare to walk the streets unless protected by a body guard, so popular was Fiske with the people. The anticipations were far from correct, however, because, after he was released from prison, he drifted to California, and soon found friends who placed ample capital behind him to speculate with. Being extremely fortunate he amassed considerable money and returned to New York, taking the Hoffman House under lease. The bar-room he fitted up in a most remarkable manner. On the walls he had hung works of art to the value of £30,000, besides some valuable statuary. Travellers from near and far of both sexes have always deemed it necessary to visit the establishment when in New York City; consequently business flourished. The house has been recently renovated, and is the headquarters of all sportsmen residing in the American metropolis.

STOLEN JEWELS DESPATCHED BY PIGEONS.

A Detective Nips a Clever Scheme in the Bud, and brings a Parlour Maid to Grief.

(Subject of Illustration.)

What might have resulted in an extensive robbery was nipped in the bud recently at Kensington. It appears that for some time past articles of value have been missed from the house in question, and, two servants being employed, suspicion naturally rested upon both, who were thought to be in collusion. A detective was engaged to ferret out the thief, and remaining at the house as a guest who was merely on a visit from Glasgow, he managed to retain a vigilant eye upon both the parlour maid and cook. He observed that the former appeared very fond of pigeons, and detected her feeding them outside her window every day. On being informed by the lady of the house that several of her jewels were disturbed on the morning of that day, the detective followed the parlour maid and saw her enter a room in the upper portion of the house. Entering the room quietly he caught the miscreant attaching a necklace to a carrier pigeon which she was about to send adrift. He caught hold of the young woman and speedily summoned the lady of the house, who perceived lying upon a chair a bracelet and other trinkets of value. The young woman made a confession of all she had taken, and in lieu of her restoring the stolen property she was permitted to leave the house without prosecution.

"Ah," said the casual caller, seeing the poet at work in the adjoining room, "the fire of genius is burning, eh?"

"No," said the poet's practical wife, "I guess it is his cigarette that smells so."

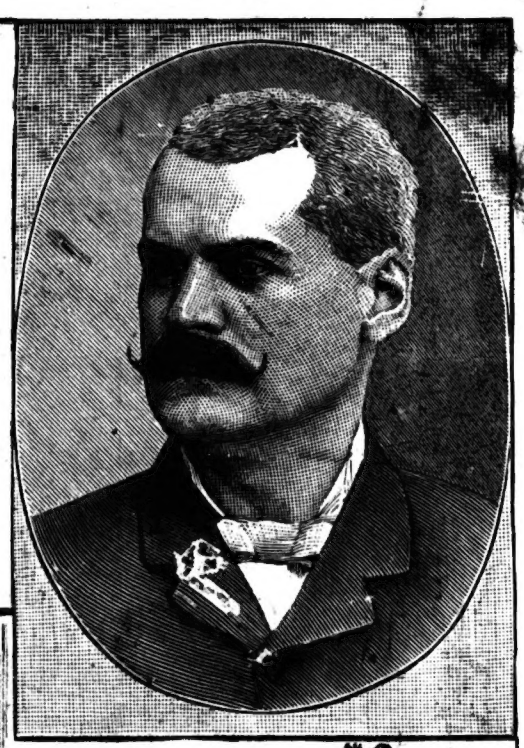
THEY SOUGHT EACH OTHER'S BLOOD.

An Indignant Wife Jealous of a Friend, and Insisted on Duelling.

BENT ON DESTRUCTION.

A Would-be Murderer Fails to Hit the Mark, is Knocked Down, and Placed under Arrest.

IN THE BAR



NYMPHS AND SATYR BY BOUGUEREAU.

JUST A PEEP

RUSTIC ADMIRERS

THE FAMOUS HOFFMAN HOUSE BAR.

Ed. Stokes and his Drinking Saloon in New York, the Walls of which are Adorned with Costly Paintings.

1

ROBERT GEORGE HARDIE, of Notting Hill Gate, writing to THE MIRROR OF LIFE, says "I notice in a recent issue a letter from Jack Gorman, of St. Luke's, in which he states it is much easier to shave 3,000 unfortunate people who dare not complain than it is to shave ordinary shop customers. Allow me to contradict this statement, because it is not so. We experience far more difficulty in shaving these unfortunates than you could possibly imagine. They are frequently in very awkward positions, some lying down, and others are almost doubled up. I should like to mention the fact to Mr. Gorman that, if these poor men have cause to complain, we do our utmost to remedy such complaint, and to study their comfort to the best of our ability. These people are, in many instances, far more precise than our ordinary shop customers, and look forward for their shave, considering the operation almost a luxury.

* * *

"MR. GORMAN seems to doubt my statement when I mentioned in a previous edition of your paper that I shaved twelve men in 3min 40secs; he considers such a performance impossible. Allow me to state that I was not my own timekeeper or referee on that occasion, and that it was witnessed by a very large audience, among whom were several of our profession, and also one or two self-styled champions. I *did* shave twelve men in the time stated, and am ready to do so again, to convince Gorman that it is not an impossibility. He asks, 'Would twelve of his customers stand that kind of shaving?' Well, I do not know what kind of customers he has, but I should imagine they were like my own—pay their money and expect their money's worth; my customers stand me, and have done for several years. I am given to understand that Gorman asks this question, 'Could I shave twelve of *his* men in 30min?' Well, I should shut up our shops at once if I couldn't not only shave, but lather and powder (if required). As regards my boxing abilities, I might mention that I have met with a serious accident, but hope to be in a fit state to meet Gorman after the shaving match."

* * *

THE South London Harriers' autumn meeting was held at Kennington Oval, September 15. A novelty was introduced in the shape of a seventy-five yards handicap, in which there were over seventy starters. The final produced a magnificent race, a little-fancied candidate in F. J. Edwards, of the Ravensbourne A.C., winning off the 6½ yards mark, A. R. Downer, the Scottish champion, who was on scratch, coming in third. The last-named, who is undoubtedly a grand runner, met with a great reception when he again came out to run his match of 200 yards against S. R. Huson, of the promoting club. He was originally matched over 350 yards against Bredin, but the English champion was compelled to forego owing to a strain. Though Huson held Downer for half the distance, the Scotchman, running magnificently, eventually drew away and won by ten yards in the fast time of 19 4-5sec, which tied the British amateur record, made by E. H. Pelling at Stamford Bridge in 1889. A splendid race was seen in the mile, which ended in F. E. Bacon coming in first, W. J. Fowler (Finchley) second, and C. Pearce (Northampton) third. Five others started, including H. Watkins, the Southern Counties cross-country champion. The cracks kept well together until half a lap from home, when an exciting struggle commenced between the three placed men. Bacon, however, beat the others for pace, and won by three yards in 41min 31 4-5sec. H. Curtis (Amateur Champion) and D. Fenton were matched to walk two miles level, but the former arriving late, the two walked their match in a handicap over the same distance. Fenton was beaten half-way and gave up, whilst Curtis, after walking very finely, could get no nearer than sixth, the event being won by H. F. Williams (Tee-To-Tum) with a start of 300 yards. R. T. Mallett (Victoria C. and A.C.) won a half-mile handicap off the seventy yards mark. C. E. Chase (Stoke Newington) proved successful in the quarter mile with thirty-five yards start; whilst the Two Miles Open Handicap was won by G. H. Allen (Finchley) off the 220 yards mark.

* * *

TOM LYNCH and Jim Dalton are to engage in a glove contest at Limerick, October 9. The editor of the *Dublin Sport* has been chosen to officiate as stakeholder, and the first deposit of £2 a-side is now held by him.

* * *

TOM CONNORS and Jem Duanne decided a mixed wrestling match at St. James's Hall, Manchester, September 15, for £50 and gate receipts. The agreement was to wrestle best of three falls at Græco-Roman, Lancashire, and collar and elbow. Duanne captured the first fall at collar and elbow style, whilst Connors secured the second bout in Lancashire and third in Græco-Roman and the match.

* * *

J. H. TYERS, the amateur swimming champion, accomplished a splendid performance at the Swindon Club sports on September 15, beating the quarter-mile record by 20 2-5sec. His opponents were Bush, Bristol, 45sec start; Williams, Swindon, 60; and Crane, Bath, 80sec. Tyers went in fine style, and caught the others before three-parts of the distance had been covered. He completed the quarter-mile in 5min 53 3-5sec, the previous best being 6min 14sec.

* * *

T. LOATES increased his winning total in the week to 120 (two winners), and Morny Cannon (who rode ten winners) made his score 118, Finlay 68, S. Loates 68, Bradford 63, Allsopp 60, Calder 54, J. Watts 49, Chandley 42, Brown 42, White 39, Rickaby 28, Colling 27, Gough 22, J. Woodburn 20, G. Chaloner 19, G. Barrett 19, Fagan 18, Toon 17, C. Loates 14, Weldon 13, W. Pratt 12, F. Pratt 10, Wingfield 10, F. Black 9, J. Harrison 8, Armstrong 7, F. Webb 7, Madden 7, Huxtable 6, A. Watts 6, Cartledge 5, T. Garrett 5, A. Nightingall 5, E. Hunt 4, F. Park 4.

* * *

THE International Chess Tournament at Leipsic was brought to a conclusion on September 15, the results of the unfinished games being as follows: Blackburne (England) beat Schiffers (Russia), Teichmann (London) beat Walbrodt (Germany), Schiffers (Russia) beat Janowsky (Paris), and Tarrasch (Germany) resigned to Lipke (Germany). Drawn games were played between Mieses and Schiffers and between Walbrodt and Zinkl (Austria). Dr. Tarrasch wins the first prize with 13½ points to his credit, while Lipke, who is only half a point behind, secures the second prize. The other prize winners are Tiechmann (third), with 12 points; Blackburne and Walbrodt, who divide the fourth and fifth prizes, with 11½ points each; and Marco and Janowsky, who tie with 10½ points each, and share the sixth and seventh prizes.

* * *

THE fifth international water-polo match between England and Scotland was played in Nottingham Baths, September 27, before a crowded company. Tyers, champion at all distances, who was selected as half-back for England, could not play owing to an engagement at Hull, and Crawshaw, of Manchester, played instead. Miller played for Scotland in the room of M'Culloch. Scotland won the toss, and defended at the deep end of the bath. Scotland was first to the ball, and Miller tried a long shot, but Moss sent to Crawshaw, who passed on to Hicks. He gave to Jarvis, and the Leicester man returning, Hicks scored a fine goal in 2min. Jarvis made another fine shot, which Phillips saved, and then after off-side had twice stopped the Scotchmen, Jarvis grandly scored the second for England. After Crawshaw had again cleared, Taggart scored for Scotland. Half-time: England, 2; Scotland, 1. Final: England, 4; Scotland, 1. Hicks scored the other 2 goals. Players:

England: Moss (Manchester, Osborne), goal; Harris (Manchester, Osborne) and Crawshaw (Manchester, Mayfield), backs; Hughes (Citizens, London), half-back; Hunt (Manchester, Mayfield) captain, Hicks (Manchester, Osborne), and Jarvis (Leicester), forwards.

Scotland: Phillips (Queen's Park), goal; Cawood (Glasgow, Victoria) and M'Dougall (Glasgow, Vulcan), backs; Walker (Edinburgh), half-back; Miller (Glasgow, Western), M'Kenzie (Edinburgh, Hibernians), and Taggart (Glasgow, Western), forwards.

* * *

ON September 27, at the Blackburn Swimming Club gala, J. Nuttall, the world's champion, tried to break his own record of 1min 1½sec for 100 yards, but although he finished 1½sec behind his previous time, he beat Tyers's amateur record by 1½sec.

* * *

THE punting match for £125 took place September 27 between William Haines, of Windsor, and William Morris, of Bray, over the championship course, Bray Reach, distance one mile, with a turn. The weather was fine, and the attendance on the river banks very large. Both got away to a very level start, and a rare struggle ensued to the Rye Peck (half distance), when only about a foot separated the pair. Morris negotiated the turn in very clever style, Haines fumbling badly, and through this he lost quite two lengths. Coming home, however, Haines, punting in grand style, gradually overhauled his rival, and thirty yards from the winning post the punts overlapped. A desperate race then ensued, but Morris held his own, and won a fine race by half a length in 11min 35sec. The winner is twenty-seven years of age, and Haines two years younger.

* * *

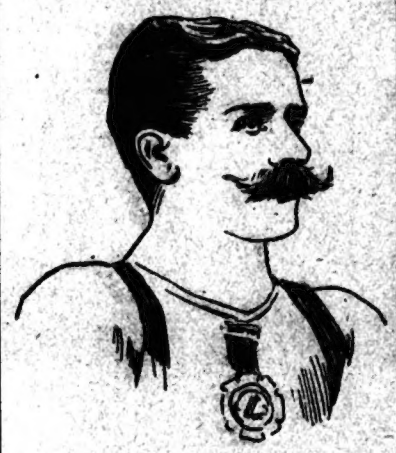
J. A. ROBERTSON, of Peterborough, beat the one hour's record at Herne Hill. From three to five miles Robertson was in front of record, but dropped behind at six and seven miles. At the eighth mile he was again in front, and kept ahead until the finish, having covered 26 miles 1,670 yards, as against the previous best of 26 miles 1,103 yards by G. R. Martin on the same track last month. G. McNish (Catford) and Elijah Scott (Darfield) on a tandem beat all records from twelve to fifty miles inclusive. Twelve miles were covered in 27min 21 1-5sec, and fifty miles in 1hr 53min 20 3-5sec, as against 1hr 56min 45 3-5sec by J. Green, of Newcastle, in the fifty miles championship.

* * *

ANGLING reports from the Thames are still of an unsatisfactory character, although owing to the copious rain which has fallen sport promises to improve. Numerous anglers have been out between Richmond and Windsor, but no very heavy catches have been obtained. In the Great Marlow waters roach have been biting better lately, and anglers have caught some nice fish in this part. Little is now being done in the Thames with the barbel. Generally speaking, sport has been dull up the Lea, but at Ware a very fine catch of roach and dace, weighing 23lb, has been secured by one of the local anglers. The Arun continues in favourable condition, and heavy roach have been captured in the Arundel district. One taken by Mr. Henderson scaled 1lb 14oz. In regard to the Suffolk Stour—a favourite river with London wielders of the rod—the water, which has been very bright for some time past, is now showing colour, and the roach at Bures and Neyland should afford sport.

* * *

PROFESSOR and Miss Finney have concluded a successful season at Blackpool. They shortly depart for New York city to fulfil an engagement at Koster and Bials, returning here in December, opening at Leicester on the 20th of that month.



G. A. Sampson.

who is known as "The Strongest Man on Earth," has returned to England. He brings with him a miniature Ferris Wheel, with which he will perform in this country. The Ferris Wheel is an exact reproduction of the large wheel that excited so much comment at the World's Fair. It measures 36ft in circumference, and weighs 4,000lb. There are twenty coaches in the wheel, and it is brilliantly illuminated with sixty electric lights. When the wheel is balanced on Sampson's chest the motor is started and the wheel revolves with the lights all burning, which gives it a decidedly picturesque effect.

* * *

MATTERS are progressing favourably for the shaving contest, and as all the competitors have substantially agreed upon having the affair conducted by a man whom THE MIRROR OF LIFE will select as manager, an event of more than passing interest is anticipated. It will require six nights competition to bring the affair to a decision, and the East End, Camberwell, and Notting Hill Gate districts have been agreed upon by the men, which will mean a two nights show in each section. Aside from the shaving contest, a first-class variety entertainment will be given to lend interest to the exhibition.

* * *

THE final meeting of the London Athletic Club was held at Stamford Bridge, September 29. Dr. W. J. M. Barry won the scratch competition at Throwing the Hammer, with a throw of 127ft 6in, and was third in a handicap from scratch with 127ft 10in to J. S. Macintosh, of the L.A.C., who was allowed 30ft, and did 100ft 4in. H. Heisell, of Ealing Dene C.C., with 110yds start, won the Mile Bicycle Handicap. Sid Thomas retained possession of the Three Miles' Running Challenge Cup, as did E. C. Bredin with the 1,000 Yards Trophy, but the holder of the Three Miles' Walking Challenge Cup was beated by F. A. Cohen.

— That Jim Dalton, of Limerick, and Tom Lynch, of Dublin, are to box the best of thirty rounds at Limerick, October 9, for £5 a-side and a purse of £20.

— That F. E. Bacon, English champion, and J. J. Mullen, Irish champion, are to run five miles for a championship trophy, on Ballabridge Grounds, Dublin, October 20.

— That in a football match at Shipley the other day Hudson, who was playing for the Idle against the Windmill team, was mortally injured.

— That a novel shaving record has been established by a Hungarian barber. He made a bet of one hundred florins that he would, on a railway journey of twenty-nine minutes, from Pistiyan to Neustadtl, shave fifteen men without cutting them. The bet was more than won, for he actually shaved three more men than the stipulated number.

— That at the Star Grounds, Battersea, Young Payne conceded C. Withers three yards start in a 100 yards race for £20 and won.

— That Bill Nolan, of Drury Lane, defeated Jem Herbert, of Clerkenwell, in the final bout of an 8st 4lb competition at the Eden Palace of Varieties.

— That A. A. Zimmerman, the crack American cyclist, will remain on the Continent till January, and then return to the States.

— That Jack Wall and Tom Callaghan are to box twelve rounds with four-ounce gloves at Newcastle, October 22, for £50.

— That at Belgrave Road Grounds, Leicester, J. C. Dunkley defeated J. H. Franklin in a mile run for £5. Time, 4min. 51sec.

— That W. Mortimer secured two straight falls and the match off Darkey Banks in a wrestling match, Lancashire style, for £10, in 4½min. and 8min. respectively.

— That S. Longden was beaten by a yard by J. W. Ashworth in a 100 yards race at Stalybridge for £10.

— That Tom Williams and Tom Burrows will conduct an athletic entertainment at Aldershot, October 3, when Williams will give any 10st boxer £5 if he stands before him for four rounds.

— That Lew Hurst, of Edmonton, and Guy Temple, of Southwark, are to run ten miles, at Tufnell Park, October 22, for £30.

— That at Lea Brook Grounds, Wednesbury, October 15, Arthur Wilkes and Harry Bates are to run a quarter of a mile for £20.

— That we are justified in declaring THE MIRROR OF LIFE to be the best illustrated sporting journal published.

— That Tom Burrows, of Nelson, is handling McDonald, the jumper.

— That Tom Corrigan, the Australian steeplechase jockey who was recently killed at Melbourne, was born in county Meath, Ireland, in May, 1854.

— That Joe Choynski, the pugilist, recently shattered his right hand whilst fooling with a revolver.

— That J. Atkinson defeated J. Dover by an inch and a half in three standing jumps, at Farnsworth, for £20. He cleared 36ft 1in.

— That in a contest at a run, hop, and jump, at Higginshaw, for £20, J. Lomax cleared 29ft 9in, and defeated J. Morris by two inches.

— That S. Greenshaw defeated Robert Evans in ten forward jumps, at Wigan, for £20.

— That gossip you read in THE MIRROR OF LIFE is to the point, and displays no favouritism.

"WHERE is that pretty typewriter you had here?" asked the caller.

"Had to let her go," answered the author. "She was so impressible that when it came to writing the love passages she touched the keys so tenderly that the letters didn't print."

* * *

"WHAT is that snapping noise over there at the other end of the hotel porch?"

"That's a bevy of summer girls breaking their engagements."

LINGFIELD, LEICESTER, HAMILTON PARK and KEMPTON PARK.

THE DOUBLE EVENT.

THE DUKE OF YORK STAKES.

THE WEEK'S FINALS.

THE season which is now so closely approaching its end shows no sign of falling away from public estimation. The many fixtures and the large numbers that face the starter will give plenty of interest up to the Final Plate at Manchester. The first of the back-end handicaps is at present the chief topic that claims attention, and Opera Glass, the early selection in these columns, holds a steady and prominent position in the market; those who have befriended this filly have at present considerably the best of the deal. The same remark applies to those who have ranged themselves on the side of Xury for the Cambridgeshire, and who is undergoing a thorough preparation at the hands of his excellent trainer, Hall, who will bring him to the post in the pink of condition. The double event for weeks past, in fact since the publication of the entries, THE MIRROR OF LIFE has been keeping before its readers the chance possessed by

OPERA GLASS and XURY

for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and they have justified the preference by becoming strong orders for each event. But this week's programme will supply sport in every direction, and on Friday at Kempton, although 5,000sovs is given in the Imperial Stakes, it will hardly interest the speculators who have the big handicap—the Duke of York Stakes—upon their books, wherein Avington heads the list, despite the fact of his having such a heavy burden, for the public recognise his ability, and his supporters at the fall of the flag will be strongly in evidence, this being what may be said to be his favourite course, for it was here he fairly left his opponents in the Great "Jubilee" Stakes last May, carrying 8st 11lb, his nearest attendants on that occasion being Prisoner and El Diablo. The latter now meets him on considerably better terms, and being in strong work, it must indeed be a close thing between the pair; therefore I must incline to the chances of the bearer of the "stars" as against his great rival, who will carry the black and white diamonds. Worcester, who is a greatly improved colt, is another from whom danger may be expected, and Buckingham, the quiet "tip" for the Cambridgeshire, is also nicely in if intended for duty. Dumbarton, who won the Nottinghamshire Handicap in a walk, is expected to be on the premises; but the flat mile may not suit Victor Wild, whose runaway victory in the Hunt Cup will not be readily forgotten, and not a few will stand by the colt for a situation, on the off-chance, should he be found at the post. If the distance was a trifle further, Bushey Park, even with his penalty, would be deserving of consideration; his success over Dumbarton, Paddy, Pilot, and Kilsallaghan in the Great Yorkshire Handicap clearly shows him to be one of our first-class performers. Sir Jacob, who has a strong following for the short distance back-end handicap, will be seen out in this; he may acquit himself in a satisfactory manner, which may have some bearing on his later engagement. Stowmarket, Athel, Heremon, and Fealar can be passed over, and of Porter's trio, Match-Box, Throstle, and Joyful, the latter might be the selected one, but in making a final selection to fill the first position, the undoubted chance held by El Diablo at the weights gives him first place. In the Imperial Stakes, on Friday, Ryan has Solaro, Galeottia, Speedwell, Laveno, and the Lyonnesse colt to select from; whichever is sent will be the mount of Morny Cannon, probably Speedwell, who should find his most dangerous rival in Prince Simon.

To-day, in the Haxted Handicap, which is run at Lingfield, Toreador's penalty will put him out of court. His success in the Queen Anne's Welter, on Saturday, was over six furlongs, but this, being a mile, may be more favourable to Pitcher or Erin; the latter's class may enable her to pull through, and preference should be given to the mount of T. Loates. The Sackville Welter may fall to First King or Mortaigne, and Carrington or Ware Riot may secure the Blackberry Maiden Plate.

At Leicester, the first event on the card will be the Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate, where Newsmonger, in this company, even with his additional impost, will have no trouble to account for the moderate opposition; in fact, throughout this meeting class is poorly represented, but what it lacks in quality is amply compensated by the numerous entries that have been received for the various stakes, the most valuable of which is the October Handicap, but only a small field will contest it. Of these Chater or Whitestone, with Pomade Divine, may be thereabouts; but spirited speculation will occur over the Bradford Handicap, in which Furze Bush looks temptingly treated. Her running last May at Chester was creditable, and later, at the Derby September Meeting, she only succumbed by a neck in a close finish with Capucin—a recent winner—and Rose Marjorie, in the Shipley Hall Plate. This filly should do better this time, and with Philanthropist and Tokay be the leading trio.

The Mile Plate will be won either by Irish Car, who is very fast, or Quickly Wise, and the Village Nursery should fall to Royal Tartan. My remaining selections may, with a run, result as under:—

LINGFIELD.

WEDNESDAY.

The Haxted Handicap,
Erin.

The Sackville Welter,
Mortaigne.

The Blackberry Plate,
Carrington or Ware Riot.

The Lingfield Club Plate,
Merry Scot or Cornbury.

LEICESTER.

WEDNESDAY.

The Midland Nursery,
Rainey.

The Gopsall Welter,
Haguebut or Drogo.

The Melton Plate,
Flore or Floss.

A Maiden Plate,
Newsmonger.

THURSDAY.

The October Handicap,

Chater	1
Whitestone ...	2
Pomade Divine ...	3

The Bradford Handicap,
Furze Bush.

The Mile Plate,
Irish Car.

The Village Nursery,
Orxema.

HAMILTON PARK.

THURSDAY.

The Hamilton Park Plate,
Foxholme.

The Buchanan Nursery,
Samóla or Cider.

The Glasgow Plate,
Armand.

The Ruthven Hunt Plate,
Southolme.

FRIDAY.

The Licensed Victuallers' Plate,
St. Germanus.

The Arran Plate,
Rubershaw.

The Palace Nursery Handicap,
Kale.

KEMPTON.

FRIDAY.

The Richmond Stakes,
Opoponax.

The Teddington Nursery,
Nugget.

The Walton Welter,
Bragget or The Rajs.

The Middlesex Selling Plate,
Pepper Pot or Tyrolean.

The Imperial Stakes,

Speedwell	1
Prince Simon ...	2
Solaro	3

SATURDAY.

The Kempton Park Nursery,
Adderley or Slow Step.

The Half Moon Nursery,
Barletta or Four Crosses.

THE DUKE OF YORK STAKES.

El Diablo	1
Worcester ...	2
Avington ...	3

The Waldegrave Plate,
Rohilla.

A Maiden Plate,
Oatcake filly.

CHALK.

CARD-SHARPERS IN FRANCE.

TRAVELLERS cannot be too much on their guard against the tricks of card-sharpers who infest some of the railway lines in this country. Efforts have been made to put a stop to this nuisance, but so far in vain. When the ill-fated M. Barrême was found murdered as the train in which he was a passenger arrived at Mantes, it was at first suggested that he might have been assassinated by one of these individuals, as he had worked hard to suppress their nefarious practices. There was no little excitement at the station at Le Mans when a traveller was discovered in an empty compartment bleeding profusely. He was a passenger in the train proceeding from Paris to Brest, and in the course of the evening he was sufficiently recovered to be able to give an account of his misadventure. He had taken a ticket for Brest, and some time after the train left Paris five men entered the compartment and soon began to play at cards, inviting him to join them in the game. The traveller foolishly acquiesced, and was not long in perceiving that he was being cheated. He protested indignantly, and at once received a heavy blow in the face. By way of making peace, however, his companions offered him a glass of wine, which he had hardly drunk when he felt very ill, and speedily became insensible. The unlucky passenger was robbed of everything that he had about him, and was found by the railway employés in the pitiful state already described. He remains at the local hospital in a very weak condition.

CHINESE BOXERS.

THE Chinese would appear to be better soldiers than boxers, if this account of an ordinary Celestial mill supplied by a correspondent is accurate. Two large mattresses were placed on the floor, and the Chinamen advanced towards the centre of the enclosure. They neither wore gloves. Giang appeared vicious, and both clawed the air with their hands. After walking around the mattresses, looking fierce and mumbling unintelligible words for a few moments, he made a quick grab and caught both of his opponent's wrists. Then Ah, his opponent, raised his left foot and planted a wicked uppercut on Giang's chin, which was well padded. After a number of queer movements by both, Giang slapped Ah's face in a rude way. Ah then made a rush for his opponent, and they wrestled collar and elbow style, and Giang was thrown before he had time to realise it. Several times some of the more excitable persons about the ring shouted "Foul," but it was not allowed. The Celestials kept this queer exhibition up for four rounds, and, though everybody saw that Giang had the best of it, the decision was given in Ah's favour.

THE Queen's Theatre at Longton, North Staffordshire, has been destroyed by fire. The flames were on the right side of the stage, and spreading with alarming rapidity the whole building was shortly involved. The roof fell with a great crash at eight o'clock. Alarming gas explosions took place, shaking the whole town. The Longton, Hanley, Stoke, Fenton, and other fire brigades were soon hard at work. The building belongs to the Queen's Theatre Company, and the damage is estimated at £15,000. Mr. Charles Harrington's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company had been performing there and has lost all its scenery, wardrobe, musical instruments, &c.

J. HOBSON, 24½yds, and Crossland, 24yds, ran a dead-heat in the final of a 130yds handicap, for £6 10s. in prizes, at Queen's Grounds, Barnsley, September 29.

IN a 100yds race at the Britannia Grounds, Chesterfield, September 29, for £50, Sep Holland was defeated by W. Barlow by a foot.

THE London Press Sports were decided at Herne Hill, September 29. The principal event was a Three Miles Open Running Handicap, in which G. H. Crossland ran grandly from scratch, giving Sid Thomas 30 yards and H. Watkins 40 yards in less than half a mile, and running both off their legs before two-thirds of the journey were covered. In the end Crossland won by 100 yards in the fast time of 14min 38⅘sec; G. Poole (of the Epsom H.) (258 yards start) was second, and A. J. Stephens (Falcon H.) (350) third.

J. HIGGINS, of Blackburn, and J. Watson, of Canada, better known as J. Macdonald, of Glasgow, met in a jumping match at the Wellington Grounds, Bury, September 29, for £100 a-side. The conditions were to contest stand, hop two strides, and jump, with weights. When they met a couple of months ago, at the same place, Higgins defeated Macdonald at stand, hop, two strides, and jump. When betting ruled at 3 to 1 on Higgins, many of those present believed that Macdonald was a non-tryer, and in this their suspicions were well founded, because in the match he cleared but 27 yards 1½in, whilst in a trial he is said to have covered close on to 28 yards. Higgins cleared 27yds 1ft 3in, and was awarded the stakes. It is likely the pair will again meet, when possibly Macdonald will give a far better display of his jumping form.

WE ARE INFORMED

— That Marie Loftus contemplates a journey across the Atlantic to fulfil an engagement in New York.

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— That Miss Lizzie Howard has met with such success with her new song, entitled "The Union Jack," that she is about to introduce, as an additional effect, a living tableau, "The Defence of the Flag."

* * *

— That Nellie Navette commenced her first provincial tour on Monday of last week, and is likely to further add to her popularity.

* * *

— That Miss Nolan, who has a pleasing and sweet voice, has made her début on the variety stage, opening at the Royal on Saturday last.

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— That Rosie Dean, a sister to the noted Charles Dean, has taken to the music-hall profession with a promise of success.

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— That Katie Lawrence has been unable to work for the past few days, owing to an affection of the throat.

* * *

— That the great Cazman and little Flossie will shortly appear in America.

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— That Mr. Irving and his company will conclude his provincial tour at the Royal, Manchester, on December 15.

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— That "The Derby Winner," at Drury Lane, is at present drawing crowded houses nightly.

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— That Letty Lind has again taken her place at Daly's Theatre, after her recent illness, in "A Gaiety Girl."

* * *

— That Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, with his Haymarket company, was summoned to appear before the Queen, at Balmoral, on Monday of last week. An adaptation of Theodore de Banville's "Gringoire," entitled "The Ballad Monger," and "The Red Lamp" was performed.

* * *

— That Miss Florence Hermann, during a performance of "Our Native Home" recently, had a nasty fall, injuring her knee badly.

* * *

— That the Athos troupe are making a big success in America at the Grand Opera House, New York.

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— That another strong man, named Moris, opens at the Cambridge on October 15.

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— That Morris Cronin, the clever manipulator of Indian clubs, will shortly return to London after a successful series of Continental engagements.

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— That Tom Brown, the Yankee whistler, has returned to London.

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— That Eugene Stratton is afforded an excellent opportunity to pick up new "gags" in talking with Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler.

* * *

— That Mr. Arthur Corney commences his provincial tour at the Empire, Leicester, on Monday next. He returns to Town at Christmas.

* * *

—That Mr. Chas. Gardiner is at present working Greenwich, Woolwich, and at the Queen's, Poplar.

* * *

— That Alice Lemar's song, "The Flower Girl Up to Date," is proving highly successful.

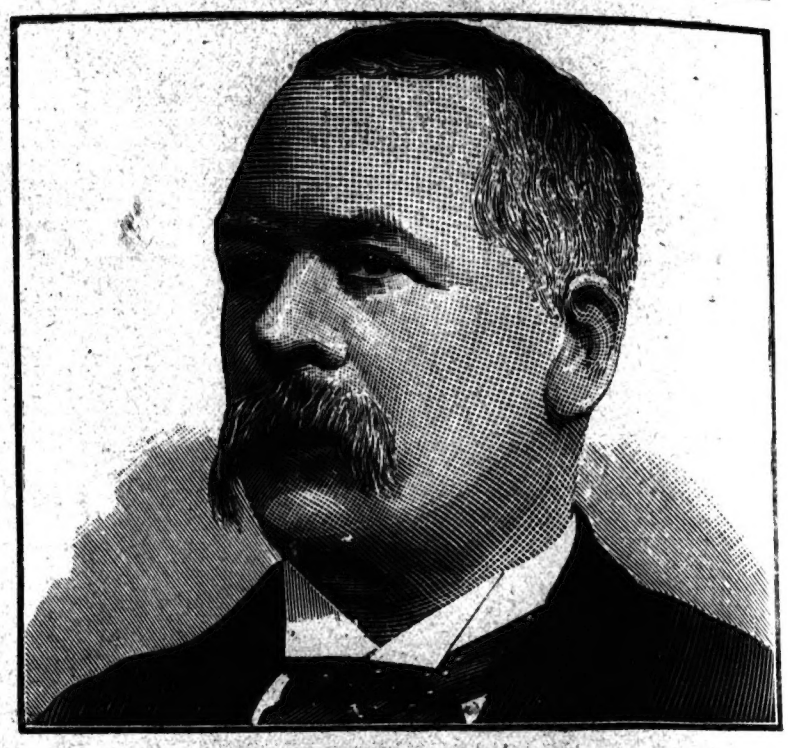
* * *

— That Mrs. Alf. Reeve will introduce Madame Grimaldi's tableaux vivants at Barnard's Varieties, Woolwich, this week.

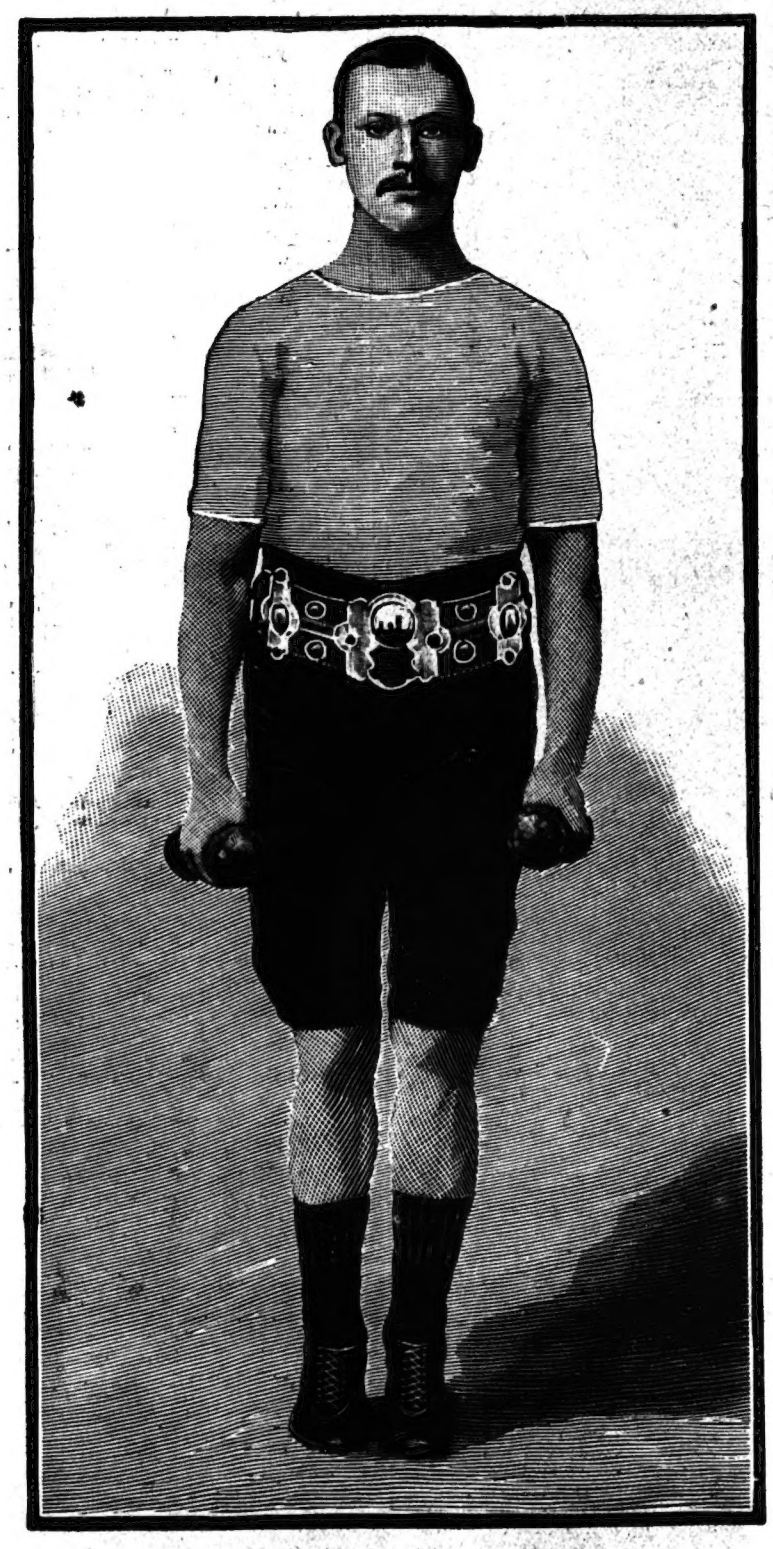
* * *

— That Miss Lillian Russell's engagement at the Lyceum Theatre must terminate on October 18, as, according to arrangements made some time ago, she is to start on the 20th for New York, where "The Queen of the Brilliants" will be produced with the original scenery and dresses.

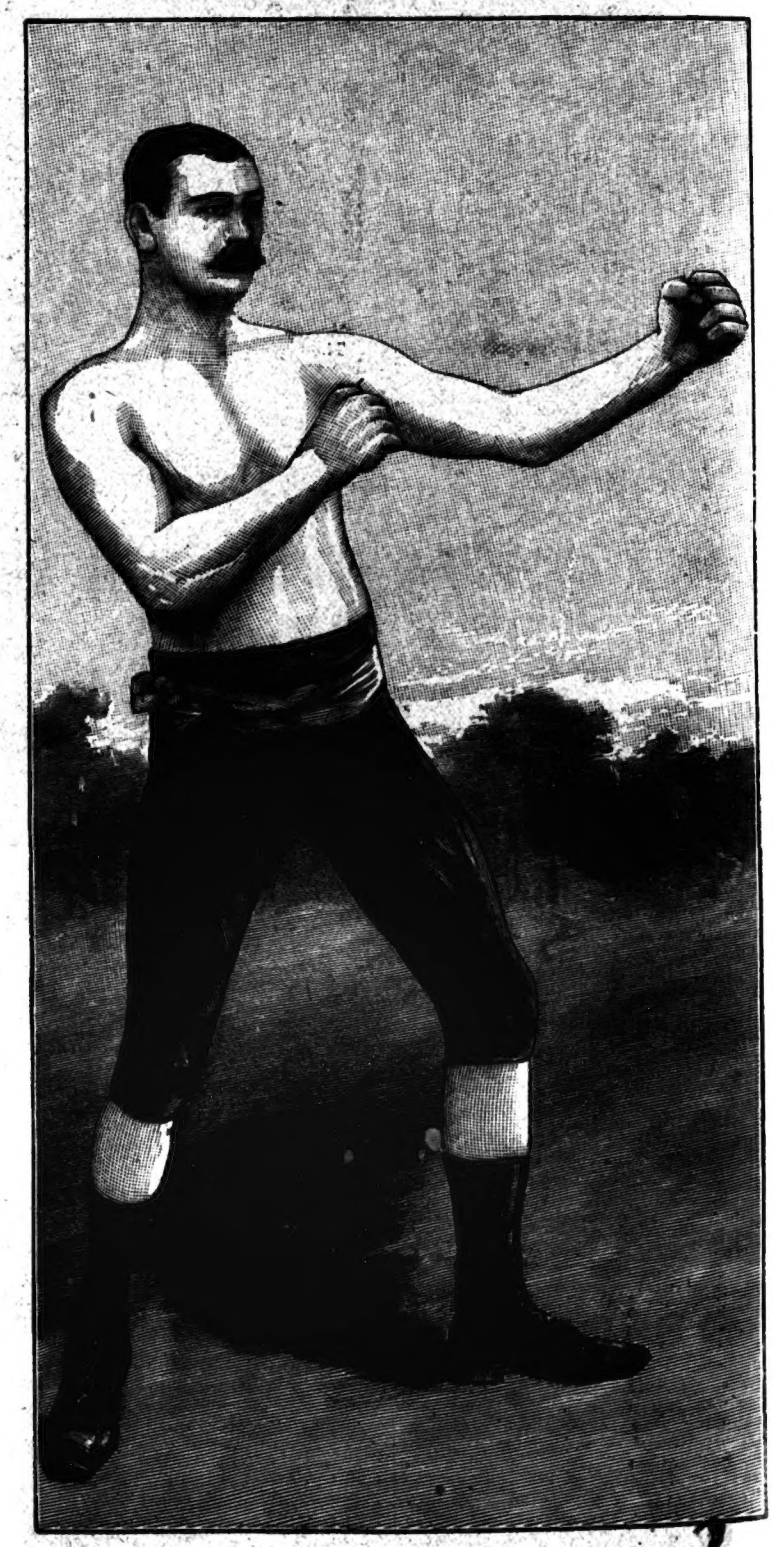
EUGENE STRATTON.
A Clever Song and Dance Artist, who is Decidedly Popular in England.



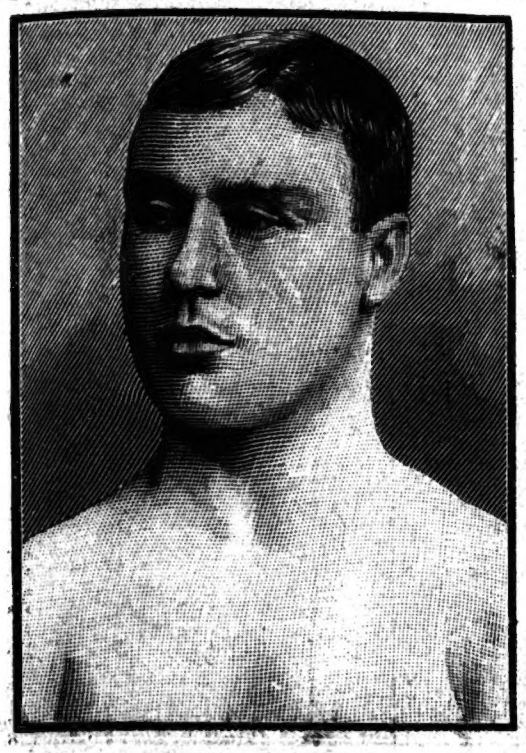
MR. WILLIAM WILSON.
A Leicester Gentleman who is a Patron of Sparring Sport.



JOE DARBY, OF DUDLEY.
Champion All-Round Jumper of the World.

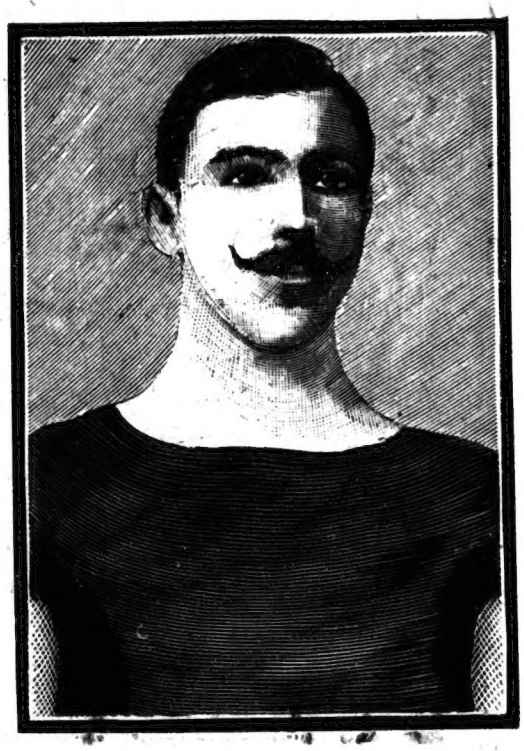


PETER MAHER.
A Dublin Heavy-Weight who has Won many Fights in America.

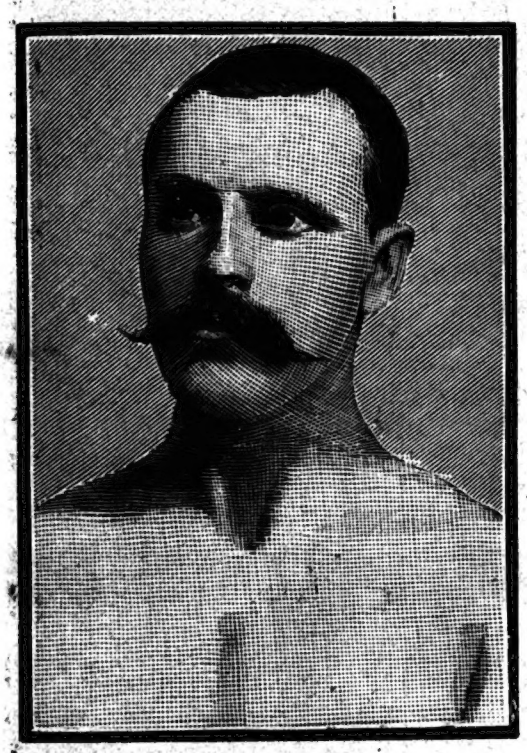


BILLY ARGYLE.
A Birmingham Sport who is a Proficient Boxer and Trainer.

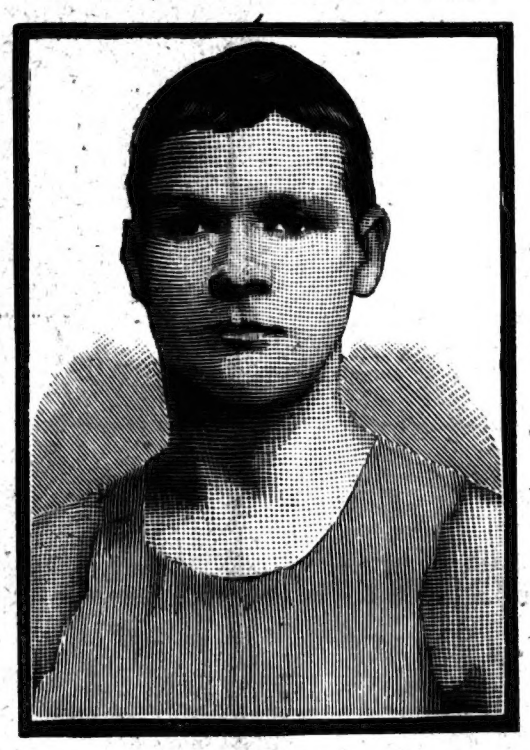
FLORENCE ARCHER.
A Clever Soubrette who has made a Hit with the Comedy Sketch "Heroes of the Fleet."



F. E. BACON.
The English Champion Amateur who is Matched to Run J. J. Mullin Five Miles in Dublin.

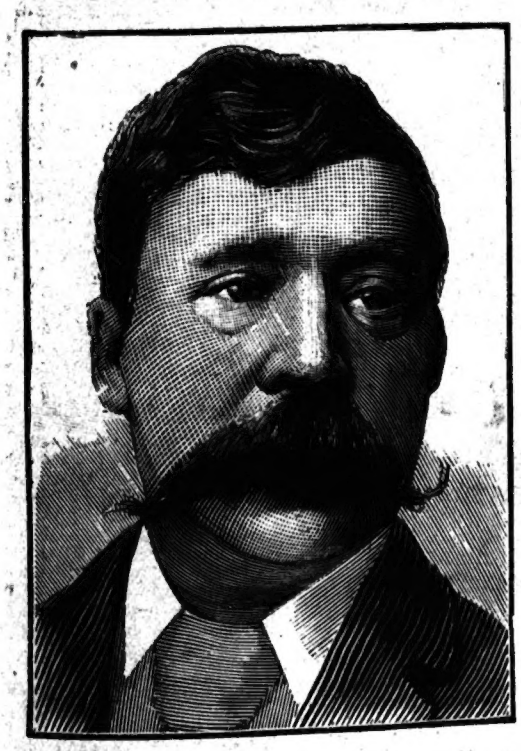


WILLIAM GIBB.
A Belfast Boxer who Trains and Handles Joe Craig, the Irish Middle-Weight Champion.

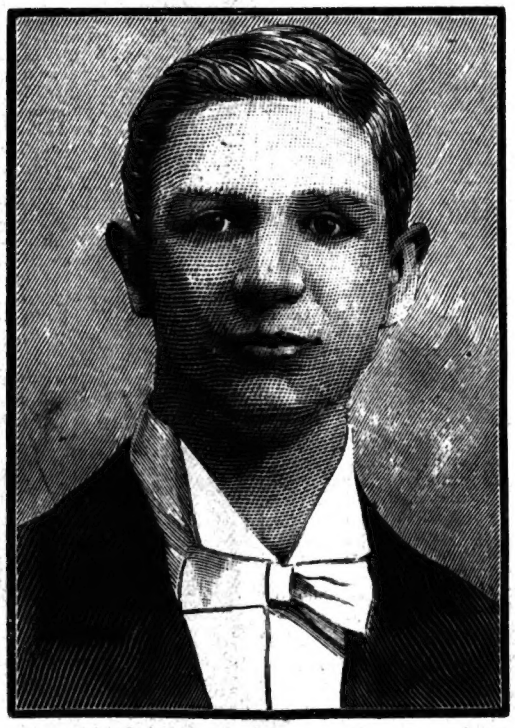


ALF. BUCKINGHAM, OF BLOOMSBURY.
A Clever All-Round Athlete and 7st 4lb Pugilist.

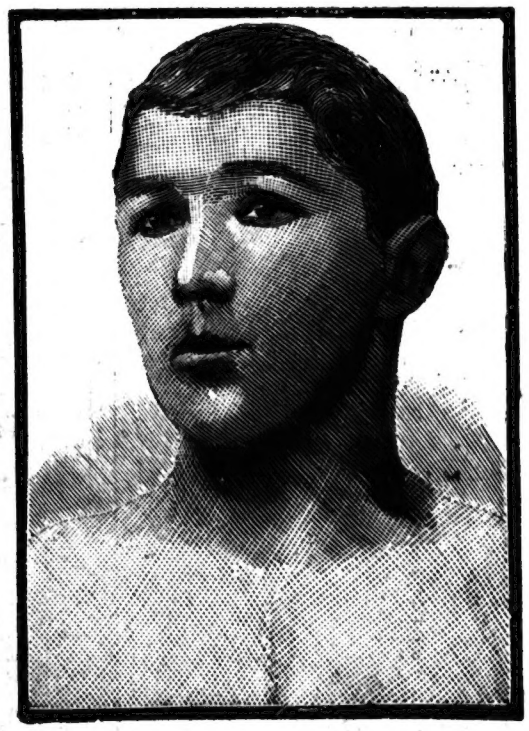
CHARLES MAWSON.
A Clever Comedian and Pantomime Artist who Performs in "Heroes of the Fleet."



RICHARD ROPER.
Proprietor of the Porcupine Hotel, Mottingham, where the Coffee Cooler is Training.



HARRY MILFORD.
A South-Londoner who gives Promise of becoming a Prominent Vocalist.



JOE BERRY, OF WOOD GREEN.
A Clever Pugilist who has Won several Battles with Gloves.

Fitzsimmons beats Creedon.

He Challenges Corbett.

"Gentleman Jack's" Craven Response.

Champion McHugh in London.

Challenges Corfield at 8st.

Frank Craig a Cooler.

Plimmer and Abbott's Drawn Battles.

Gossip of the Week Amongst the Fancy.

Now that Bob Fitzsimmons has whipped Dan Creedon with ridiculous ease Corbett will be forced to recognise him as a disputant for the honours as a champion of the world at all weights. When it was first announced that Dan Creedon and

Bob Fitzsimmons

were to fight to a finish at the Olympic Club in New Orleans, September 26, for a purse of 5,000dols, at 11st 4lb, the wiseacres to a man predicted a victory for Dan, believing that Bob would not be able to do the weight and fight a good man. Corbett expressed himself in favour of Creedon, and was so bold as to state that when he was training for his fight with Mitchell last January, Dan boxed him on several occasions and proved himself a remarkably hard hitter and liable to defeat any man in the world. He foisted Creedon upon Fitzsimmons in order to keep Bob from bothering him. Now Bob has knocked out

Dan Creedon.

so that Corbett must come forward and take on the lanky champion or else sink into desuetude. Peter Jackson is out of the country, so that Bob is the only man whom Corbett can get a good purse to fight. "Fitz" offers to wager 10,000 dollars on his chances of success, and the Olympic Club agree to hang up a purse of 25,000 dollars, so that if Corbett really fancies himself he can arrange a fight for 45,000 dollars, besides winning 100,000 dollars in outside betting, because the Fitzsimmons crowd will wager that sum at least at even money when Bob meets Corbett.

* * *

ACCORDING to a telegram, 5,000 people witnessed the mill between Fitzsimmons and Creedon. The fighting was fast, but of short duration, Creedon being knocked out in the second round. In the first round Fitzsimmons forced the fighting, landing his right on his opponent's head. Creedon then scored a hard body blow, but a moment later "Fitz" hit Creedon on the chin, and followed with three rapid blows on the head. In the second round Creedon landed two rights on the body, but "Fitz" scored two heavy blows, and then felled Creedon with a right-hander on the jaw. The latter rose quickly, and the men then clinched, but were separated. "Fitz" again attacked furiously, and delivered two heavy blows with his right on his opponent's jaw and three on the body. He finally landed a blow on Creedon's left jaw which completely knocked his opponent out. The time occupied by the two rounds was 4min 50sec. Duffy, the referee, afterwards read a challenge by Fitzsimmons to Corbett for the world's championship.

* * *

ANOTHER telegram says: "At the Olympic Club Bob Fitzsimmons, champion middleweight, met Dan Creedon, a heavy and powerful fighter. Creedon had no chance with his opponent, and was knocked out in the second round. At the conclusion of the fight Fitzsimmons issued a challenge to Corbett to fight for the championship of the world, the stake being fixed at 10,000dols."

* * *

FRANK MCHUGH, one of the best lads in America, reached London the other day, and one of the first places he called at was THE MIRROR OF LIFE office, in company with Joe Darby, champion jumper of the world, Jack Jones, Alf Stanbrook, and Mr. Lester, an American friend. McHugh came here for the purpose of arranging a battle with George Corfield, the Sheffield wonder. Speaking of his visit, McHugh said: "I want to meet Corfield in London before any recognised club at 8st, for £200 a-side and a suitable purse, the winner to take the lot. Though I'm but 25 years of age I've been in the business for ten years, and have participated successfully in at least sixty real fights. Most of my battles have been fought in or near Cincinnati, and have been to a finish with bare knuckles or small gloves. I was once matched to fight George Dixon, but the black fellow wanted his own backer to hold the stakes, and to that I objected, so the affair fizzled out. I have never barred anyone in my class, and now that I am here I'm prepared to accommodate any of the 8st lads, Corfield preferred. They have only to post a forfeit with THE MIRROR OF LIFE and appoint a day of meeting to sign articles, and I'll be on hand prepared for business. During my stay in London I shall be a guest of Pony Moore's, and shall make 'The Rose,' in Jermyn Street, my headquarters. Any match Pony makes for me goes. I have known him for a great many years, and on his visits to the States we have been intimate friends. Pony knows about what ability I possess as a fighter, and should be a good judge as to whether I'm good enough to take on any of your lads at even weight. Corfield is really the one I prefer, and shall certainly use every effort to come to terms with him.

* * *

ON September 28, McHugh, Pony Moore, Stanbrook, and Lester, accompanied THE MIRROR OF LIFE representative on a trip to Eltham to call on Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler. The coloured middle-weight champion had just finished dinner, after doing a twenty-mile spin. He looked in the pink of condition, and after a brief conversation with the visitors he ushered them into his gymnasium, where he indulged in a spirited bout with his friend and adviser Denny Butler. The form he displayed was greatly admired by all present, and when he went through his exercise with the punching-ball the entire party to a man freely declared that he was a most remarkable fellow, and good enough to cope with any middle-weight in the world.

* * *

THE Cooler is one of the best buck dancers in the world, and Frank McHugh, too, can handle his feet cleverly. Craig performed upon the harmonica for McHugh to give a display of his dancing, and it was a display! In fact, much better than is seen on the music-hall stage. He gave way, however, to champion Craig, who performed some of the most difficult steps with the greatest of ease, and so favourably did he impress Pony Moore that that veteran minstrel declared that the Cooler was the most proficient dancer he had ever seen, and he fairly went into ecstacies over what he had witnessed. It reminded old Pony of his palmy days, and it was as much as he could do to restrain himself from taking a hand at the game.

* * *

AFTER Craig finished his exercises in the gymnasium he went on to the road and ran a 150 yards, clothed in heavy sweaters, in 17sec, Pony Moore holding the time-piece. He was well rubbed down by Professor Butler, and both joined the party in the reception room of the Porcupine. Pony desired change for a ten-pound note, and, extracting from his pocket a handful, he tendered one to the landlord to be exchanged for gold. "What kind of paper is that?" said Craig. "These are ten-pound notes, or the equivalent of fifty-dollar bills in your money," replied Pony, at the same time offering one to Craig for a five-shilling piece of silver the champion held in his hand.

"No you don't," responded Craig; "you can't fool me, those are counterfeit, and my money is good. I see a lot of them in a window next door to THE MIRROR OF LIFE office; they put them there to show people. I'm too smart for you. Guess I don't give away my silver for a piece of white paper."

Professor Butler stood behind Moore and nodded to Craig to make the exchange.

Craig quickly said: "You can't put up no job on me, Denny. You're always fooling me, but I know too much for you this time."

The whole party were convulsed with laughter, and considered it quite a joke on the renowned Coffee Cooler, who still labours under the impression that nothing but gold and silver coin go in our country as lawful money.

* * *

THE party returned to London in the evening, every one a Craig man to the backbone. Pony Moore and McHugh are both infatuated with his abilities as a champion pugilist, and when the black meets O'Brien their pieces will go on him to win.

* * *

JACK FITZGIBBONS and Bill Corbett engaged in a ten-round bout at Newmarket, September 27, for a purse. The full number of rounds were well contested, but as Fitzgibbons performed in the cleverest and most effective fashion he was awarded the contest.

* * *

ACCORDING to a cablegram received September 25, from New Orleans, Billy Plimmer, of Birmingham, and Johnny Murphy, of Boston, engaged in a glove contest, which resulted in a draw, after battling twenty-five rounds. Either Plimmer has lost his form lately, or Murphy has made rapid strides towards the front ranks. We remember Murphy some years ago as being a protégé of Jake Kilrain, who was then teaching boxing at Harvard College. He issued challenges to all comers at 8st, but, for some time, was unable to induce anyone to meet him, being lauded up as a phenomenon. He was pitted against George Dixon at the Gladstone Club, Providence, October 23, 1890. Thirty-seven hundred dollars was in abeyance. Dixon had a very small following, whilst Murphy was attended by fully a thousand of the unwashed. Both fought on the defensive for the first twenty rounds, when Dixon realised he had an easy game before him. From that point to the fortieth round he never allowed Murphy to hit him. Murphy fought a determined battle, but appeared slow in his deliveries. When Dixon knocked Murphy out in the 40th round the crowd broke into the ring and endeavoured to deprive the black of his honours. The referee, however, stood his ground, and rendered in favour of Dixon. Since that time Murphy has been laid on the shelf, and by devoting his time to instructing Harvard students he could not have improved very much; we, therefore, can hardly see how Billy Plimmer should allow such a low class man to face him for twenty-five rounds.

* * *

STANTON ABBOTT didn't improve his reputation to any great extent when he fought Jack Everhardt a draw at New Orleans, September 25. They were to box the best of twenty-five rounds for a purse of 2,500 dollars. It will be remembered that the pair fought a few weeks ago, and it resulted in a win for Everhardt. Claims of foul play were made by the followers of Abbott, and it was declared that should Stanton ever be fortunate enough to again induce Everhardt to face him in the ring he would convince the public that Jack didn't win the first battle through superior milling qualities.

In the match the other night Everhardt gave as good as he received, and contented himself by holding Abbott well in hand throughout the twenty-five rounds, when the referee declared the battle a draw.

* * *

JAMES J. CORBETT and his mouthpiece, Bill Brady, continue to monopolise a considerable amount of space in the Yankee papers respecting their recent visit to this country. When asked why Corbett would not fight in this country, Brady said: "In the first place, only twenty rounds could be fought, and, furthermore, we would not be sure of fair play. At the National Sporting Club boxers are treated like beggars, although probably some kind of consideration would be shown to such men as Corbett and Jackson. While we were in England, Corbett was constantly in receipt of letters from such representative men as Jem Mace, Dick Burge, Ted Pritchard, and others warning him not to fight at that club. That was pretty strong, coming from Englishmen as against an English institution. Jackson would unquestionably have an advantage, as he is particularly popular there, for some mysterious reason."

WE knew that Corbett expressed a desire to fight here when he first came to this country, and before he had completed his Drury Lane engagement he suddenly altered his mind. We heard it rumoured that several pugilists had advised Corbett not to fight at the National Club, but could hardly believe a fighter belonging to this country would cast any slur against our leading institution, where boxing sport is promoted as a special feature because they are practically ruining the game they get their living out of.

* * *

WE presume it has been done because the men in question have been denied admittance to the club when a meeting has been in progress. Simply because a man is a professional pugilist that is no reason why he should expect to receive free entry to all club fights, and it certainly displays a most malignant disposition to rove about at random decrying a club conducted with the utmost fairness and free from rowdyism.

* * *

JEM MACE certainly has no great record to boast of, and he should be the last man in the world to cast reflections upon anybody or anything in his native country. In the days when he did his fighting the battles were decided upon the turf, and it was not always the best man who was allowed to win, as Mace well knows. Gangs ruled the roost, and the profession was therefore regarded as an unsavoury one. It is only through the exertions of the better classes of sportsmen that boxing has been placed upon a higher plane and made a more profitable game to those who follow it for a livelihood. Reflections cast against an organisation conducted the same as the National Sporting Club will not have a tendency to advance the interest, but will tend to disgust the wealthy patrons who liberally patronise the fighters themselves.

* * *

IN answer to a correspondent, we desire to state that Jem Dillon was born at

Armagh Town, County Limerick, on March 10, 1838. He was 5ft 5½in high, and usually fought about 9st 10lb. His first appearance in public was in 1860, when he beat Dooney Harris, now in America, in fifty-two rounds, lasting two hours and ten minutes. The battle was for £25 a-side. Later in the same year he met and defeated Hill, also Smith, of Brighton, for a purse of £25. His next battle was not till January, 1862, when he fought Mike Cocklin forty-six rounds in one hour and fifty-eight minutes, winning a purse of £50. At the end of 1862 he had his great fight with Patsy Reardon for £200. They met down the river, in two rings, and fought fifty-three rounds, lasting three hours eleven minutes, when Dillon lost through not coming to time. On August 11, 1863, near Twyford, he disposed of Bob Travers the b'ack in fifty-three rounds. Dillon was a game and determined fighter, and one of the cleverest men of his weight that ever entered the British Prize Ring.

* * *

A FIGHT on the turf for the 7st 2lb championship and 4,000 dollars was brought to a decision at Lamont, in the State of Illinois, September 15, between James Barry, of Chicago, and Casper Leon, of New York. A special train carried the fighters and a number of sporting men to the scene.

It was the most evenly matched fight seen for many a day, and was decided in the twenty-eighth round in favour of Barry. Leon had the advantage in height and reach, but Barry did most of the leading, and in several rounds the call of time alone saved Leon from a knock-out.

In each round the latter came up smiling, and stood the severe punishment inflicted by Barry in a splendid manner. No fairer fighters have ever stepped into a ring than these two great little ring generals. The fight was refereed by George Siler. The fight for the first twenty rounds was a very warm one, although no great execution was accomplished by either man. Barry scored the first knockdown, and also drew first blood. In the following rounds Leon, while making a brave stand, seemed dazed; yet Barry was not able to accomplish much. In

the twenty-eighth, however, he pulled himself together, and after a swift rush landed his left on Leon's jaw, knocking him out.

* * *

The Seaside Athletic Club at Coney Island, New York, was the scene of a series of glove contests decided there September 17. It will be remembered that young Griffo and Jack McAuliffe met there a short time since, when the referee decided in favour of McAuliffe, when Jack was a beaten man. The public feels naturally suspicious of the genuineness of the contests, and less than 3,000 people attended in consequence. Mick Dunn, of Australia, and Jim Butler were the first to do battle, and in less than three rounds Dunn had his opponent well whipped. Jack Skelly, who was beaten by George Dixon, was declared winner over Jack Gorman after six rounds had been fought. Young Griffo pounded Eddie Loeber out of time in one round. The event of the evening was the match between Jerry Marshall, the black who is matched to fight George Dixon, and Kid Lavigne. They battled through ten rounds, when Marshall was fought to a complete standstill, and Lavigne was declared the winner.

* * *

TOMMY RYAN, of Chicago, the champion 10st pugilist of the world, met Billy Layton in a fight with small gloves near St. Joseph, Missouri, September 13, for a purse of 2,500 dollars and the 10st championship. The first two rounds were of an uneventful character, but in the third Ryan went at his man in a determined manner with both hands, pounding him all over the ring. He followed up his advantage in the fourth round, and finally brought matters to a decision by knocking Layton senseless with a heavy blow upon the jaw.

* * *

ALF GOWER, of the Essex Arms, Mile End writing to THE MIRROR OF LIFE, says: "I regret that Bill Moore is unable to write a sensible letter and adhere to facts. I can fight at a much lighter weight than 8st, and if Moore doubts what I say, let him post a forfeit at your office, and I will make a match to meet him at 7st 8lb, give or take 2lb, for £50 or £100 a-side. The same proposition holds good to any lad in the world after I have completed my engagements with George Corfield. I wish it distinctly understood that I am still in the field, and at 7st 8lb am ready to take on any man in the world, either for a limited round or finish contest."

* * *

ALBERT PEARCE, the pugilist, is confined in the infirmary in Fulham Palace Road, receiving treatment for partial loss of eyesight, the effects of his battle with Ted Rich in Paris last June. Pearce is a comparative stranger here, and sadly in need of assistance. His relatives reside in Chicago.

* * *

WE are informed by Pony Moore that Charley Mitchell is recovering his health, and is feeling much better than he has for several years past.

"Mitchell will go to America shortly," says Pony, "and whether he intends entering the ring again or not is hard to say. Had Charley been in as good condition the day he fought Corbett as he was when he met John L. Sullivan there might have been a different result. Charley was so ill with malaria that it was with difficulty that he moved his arms or legs when he entered the ring. I offered to present him with £1,000 if he declined to fight, but Charley insisted upon going ahead, because, as he claimed, he desired to show the public that he was no coward. Mitchell is living at Brighton, and has taken the best of care of himself since last winter. When he met Corbett he only weighed about 10st 7lb, but to-day he is above 12st in weight, and displays much of his former activity. He is well thought of in the States, and would make a great deal of money there should he conclude to join some theatrical party or settle down and go into business.

* * *

HARRY SPURDEN, the 9st champion, has removed to Cambridge, where he will open up a school of boxing. He has been granted permission to run an athletic exhibition at the Corn Exchange in Cambridge on October 22 and 23, when he will have decided a local competition and a series of bouts between London pugilists. In the wind-up on each evening Spurden will meet Darkey Barton. Several influential citizens have interested themselves in behalf of Spurden, and predict that his exhibitions will be a financial success.

* * *

AN interesting boxing show will be held at the Victory, Eastfield Street, Stepney, October 4. Four contests will be brought to a decision.

* * *

FRANK HINDE conducts a boxing carnival at Central Hall, Holborn, the third week in October, when a series of competitions will be brought to a decision.

* * *

DICK O'BRIEN, who was recently beaten by Joe Walcott, the black, failed in an attempt to knock out Joe Donovan, at Rockland, Maine, September 13, Donovan giving as good as he received.

* * *

JEM MACE is seeking a contest with old Bill Benjamin, the man who fought Tom Sayers.

* * *

JACK FARLEY, of Birmingham, has been matched to fight Walter Butler, of Paddington, the best of twenty rounds in November for a purse.

* * *

AT the Greyhound Hotel, Newmarket, the other day, Jack Beach won a competition, defeating Sid Phillips in the final bout. In a twelve-round contest Ernest Pickard disposed of Mike Small after a well-contested battle.

* * *

A SERIES of boxing competitions confined to the Army, Navy, and the Marines serving in the Thames District was decided in the Garrison Gymnasium at Chatham, September 25. In the final bout of the heavy-weights Lance-Corporal Harrild, R.M.L.I., beat Lance-Sergeant Haynes. Sapper Miles, R.E., easily won the middle weights, boxing Sergeant Stirk, Royal Scots, in the final. For the light-weights Private Hayward, Royal Scots, beat Private Stokes in the final.

* * *

Three eight-round contests formed the programme at the Lambeth School of Arms, September 24. In the first battle, T. Hands, of Vauxhall, proved himself to be cleverer than T. Brightman, of Westminster, and gained the verdict. Jem Passmore, of Lambeth, made a game and determined stand against Ginger Lambert, of Newington, but in the fifth round was knocked out by a crosscounter on the jaw. The meeting between Alf Carey, of Lambeth, and H. Vigors, of Fulham, was of a scrambling description. Carey, however, managed to do the most effective work, and was therefore decided the winner.

* * *

JACK BURKE, known as the Irish lad, has returned from South Africa. He claims his trip has been a financial success.

* * *

DAVE WALLACE conducted a show at the Goodwin Gymnasium, September 24. Fatty Lake and Punch Power were to have contested eight rounds, but Lake made it so uncomfortable for Power in the third round that the latter retired. Bill Parrodi was to have fought Bill Burley eight rounds. In the seventh he received a blow on the head that knocked him out of time.

* * *

NED FLYNN opened the Kilburn Gymnasium for the season on September 24, when he gave purses for two six-round battles. In the first Tom Pickard disposed of Charley Butler with apparent ease. Jack Marney and Blucher Harris went through the six rounds in a lively fashion, with advantages in favour of Harris at the finish.

* * *

IN a competition confined to 7st 10lb men, decided at the Camden Gymnasium, Walthamstow, Alf Mortimer, of Bethnal Green, disposed of Mike Kelly, of Walworth, in the final bout, and was declared the winner.

* * *

T. PEARSON, of Manchester, defeated H. Brown, of Walsall, in eleven rounds, at the Manchester Gymnastic Club, the other night, for a purse of £40. The men were restricted to 7st 4lb each in weight.

* * *

SAM BLAKELOCK, who has attained prominence of late years because of his training several of the leading pugilists of the day, was tendered a successful benefit at the Washington Music Hall, Battersea, September 25. In the wind up, Dick Burge and Bill Hatcher boxed three lively rounds.

* * *

A. GREEN, of Finsbury, was declared the winner over T. Turner, of Clare Market, in a six-round contest at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, the other night.

* * *

AT Bill Lee's Gymnasium, Bermondsey, September 22, Harry Lane and Bob Knight boxed a seven-round draw. In a six-round contest George Gust disposed of C. Veal. Bill Sully proved himself too clever for Bill Nicholls in a similar bout, and was given the reward.

* * *

ERNEST "BANDY" CHAMBERS and Ben Cooper met at the Amberley Social Club; September 24, to contest fifteen rounds for a purse. Cooper, having considerable advantage of weight, brought Chambers to his knees in the eighth round, and whilst in that position delivered a foul blow. The referee had no alternative but to award the verdict to Chambers.

* * *

THE final bouts of two competitions were boxed to a decision at Bermondsey, September 24; in the 6st 6lb event, Sam Knowles and Bill Hoye battled five rounds before a winner could be found in Knowles. In the 8st 6lb competition, George Howard compelled Albert Oxley to throw up his hands in the third round.

* * *

ARTHUR CALLAN, of Wood Green, and Jack Gover, of Edmonton, have fought another draw. On this occasion they met in M. Max Lebaudy's bull ring at Maisons Laffitte, September 29, for a purse of £100, given by M. Lebaudy. A select party of sports were present, including M. Max Lebaudy, Captain Shaw, M. Morand, Baron d'Daimery, Mr. Lumley, Captain Atkins, Mr. Melville, Mr. Baird, M. Eugene Carter, M. Henri Tepe, General Young, Mr. Wilkinson, and Mr. Sam Owens; also the following trainers and jockeys: Messrs. W. Bottin, G. Nutchay, J. Diggles, and E. Price; French, Maiden, Arthur, Albert, and W. Johnson, Bridgeland, Timaley, Frank Morris, J. Watkins, Goodacre, R. Morris, Basden, and Easterby, whilst English boxers were represented by Wag Ward, Dido Plumb, and Ted Rich. Ted Bayley was referee, and J. T. Hulls timekeeper. Callan was seconded by Jim Beavan and Snowy Lawrence, whilst George Macdonald and H. Bull, jun., waited upon Gover. Eighty-two rounds were fought in two hours and forty minutes; when darkness came on a draw was declared. Callan directed his blows at the face, and severely punished Gover, having considerably the better of the exchanges. He was also the better wrestler of the two, and threw or forced Gover down in nearly every round. The Edmonton lad put in some good body blows, and injuring his right he was compelled to do about all the punishing with his left hand. For gameness and milling powers they are probably more evenly matched than any two men now before the public.

* * *

IN a six-round contest at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, Bob Laxton disposed of Arthur Pike.

* * *

Two contests of local interest were decided at the Lambeth School of Arms, September 29. In the first D. Peters was whipped by Ginger Gryon in three rounds, whilst Alf Johnson was beaten by D. Baker in eight rounds.

F. E. BACON.

The English Champion Amateur who is Matched to Run J. J. Mullin Five Miles in Dublin.

(With Portrait.)

PROVIDING F. E. Bacon is in good condition when he meets J. J. Mullin, the Irish champion, in a five miles run at Ballsbridge, Dublin, October 20, he will not only win but come very near lowering the best previous records for that distance. His most brilliant performance this year was at the sports of the Edinburgh Northern Harriers, in Scotland, on July 21, when he lowered W. G. George's record for the mile run one-fifth of a second, doing the distance in 4min 18 2-5sec. Bacon did the three miles on the same day in 14min 27 2-5sec, only 3 2-5sec behind the world's record. The performances were simply wonderful, as the track was heavy and in no condition for racing. From one to five miles Bacon is probably the speediest runner in the world.

MR. WILLIAM WILLSON.

A Leicester Gentleman who is a Patron of Sparring Sport.

(With Portrait.)

MR. WILLIAM WILLSON, the proprietor of Willson's Printing Works at Leicester, is an ardent admirer of sparring sport, and always ready to exert his influence in promoting the interest in that branch of manly skill. Being a member of the National Sporting Club, he can be seen at that establishment at every meeting of any importance. Mr. Willson has done much towards promoting the game in Leicester, and the boxers in that town fully appreciate his efforts. He is ever ready to contribute liberally to promote sport or assist those in distress.

TOO TIRED TO MOVE.

A MAN came into a barber's shop the other day. He was unsteady on his legs, and he looked sleepy. He stumbled into the first vacant chair and closed his eyes. The barber started to put a towel around his neck, and found that he was fast asleep. The barber punched him up, and said:

"Shave, sir?"

"Yesh," replied the man in the chair thickly.

Then he closed his eyes and went to sleep again.

The barber lathered him and shaved him, going over his face three times and applying hot towels. Then he caught the sleeper by the collar, jerked him up in the chair, and ran his hands through his dishevelled hair. After repeated punchings the man opened his eyes a bit.

"Hair cut, sir?" asked the barber.

"Yesh," replied the man in the chair as his head dropped forward on his breast.

The barber cut his hair. After that operation was gone through with he awakened his customer again and said:

"Better let me singe it, sir. It's getting rather thin on top. Tonic would do it good, too."

"All ri," responded the man in the chair, relapsing into his trance.

In twenty minutes the singeing and the stimulating had been done. Then the barber said:

"Want your moustache trimmed, sir?"

"Yesh," replied the man in the chair.

The moustache was trimmed and waxed, the man's face was carefully powdered, and all the other little attentions paid. Then the barber punched him up again. "All right, sir," he said.

"Cut my hair," the man in the chair ordered, closing his eyes for another nap.

"It is cut, sir."

"Gimme shampoo."

"You've had one."

The man in the chair sat up and blinked. "Nothin' more to do?" he asked, regretfully.

"No, sir; everything's done."

The customer stared vacantly at the looking-glass for a minute. Then he settled back in the chair again and closed his eyes.

"Everything's all done," put in the barber.

"Ratsch!" said the man in the chair. "Pull a tooth."

And he went to sleep before the barber could remonstrate.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

COBBLE: "Van Gilder, the painter, came near being drowned recently, didn't he?"

Stone: "Yes; and now he won't speak to me."

Cobble: "Why not?"

Stone: "I referred to him as the struggling artist."

* * *

WILLIE: "Look, paw! Who's the tall man with the wide hat?"

Papa: "And the long hair?"

"Yes, and the buckskin suit!"

"I cannot say, my child, whether he is a poet, scout, cowboy, patent medicine man, or horse thief; we live in an era of strange fads."

* * *

"Now," said the man who had bought a fishing outfit, "where can I get a solicitor for a few days?"

"A solicitor?"

"Yes. You see I am a vegetarian and a member of the S.P.C.A., and I want to have him along to take my affidavits to the weight of my fish before I put them back in the water."

* * *

HE: "Your husband is abroad, I am told?"

She (stockbroker's wife): "Yes; he's travelling in South America."

He: "Oh, indeed! And do you expect him home shortly?"

She: "Well, I can't exactly tell. You see, these extradition arrangements take up such a lot of time."

* * *

SCENE: Barber's shop. Tonsorial artist (surveying his victim):

"Your hair is getting very thin, sir."

Victim: "Yes. I've been treating it with anti-fat. I never liked stout hair."

Artist: "You really should put something on it."

Victim: "So I do—every morning."

Artist: May I ask what?"

Victim: "My hat."

The rest was silence.

* * *

"WHEN horses are done away with," said the Funny Boarder, "what will become of the people who want to ride hobbies?"

"That's easy," answered the Cheerful Idiot. "They will ride the wheels in their heads."

* * *

"WAS Miss Flimsey pleased with the new minister?"

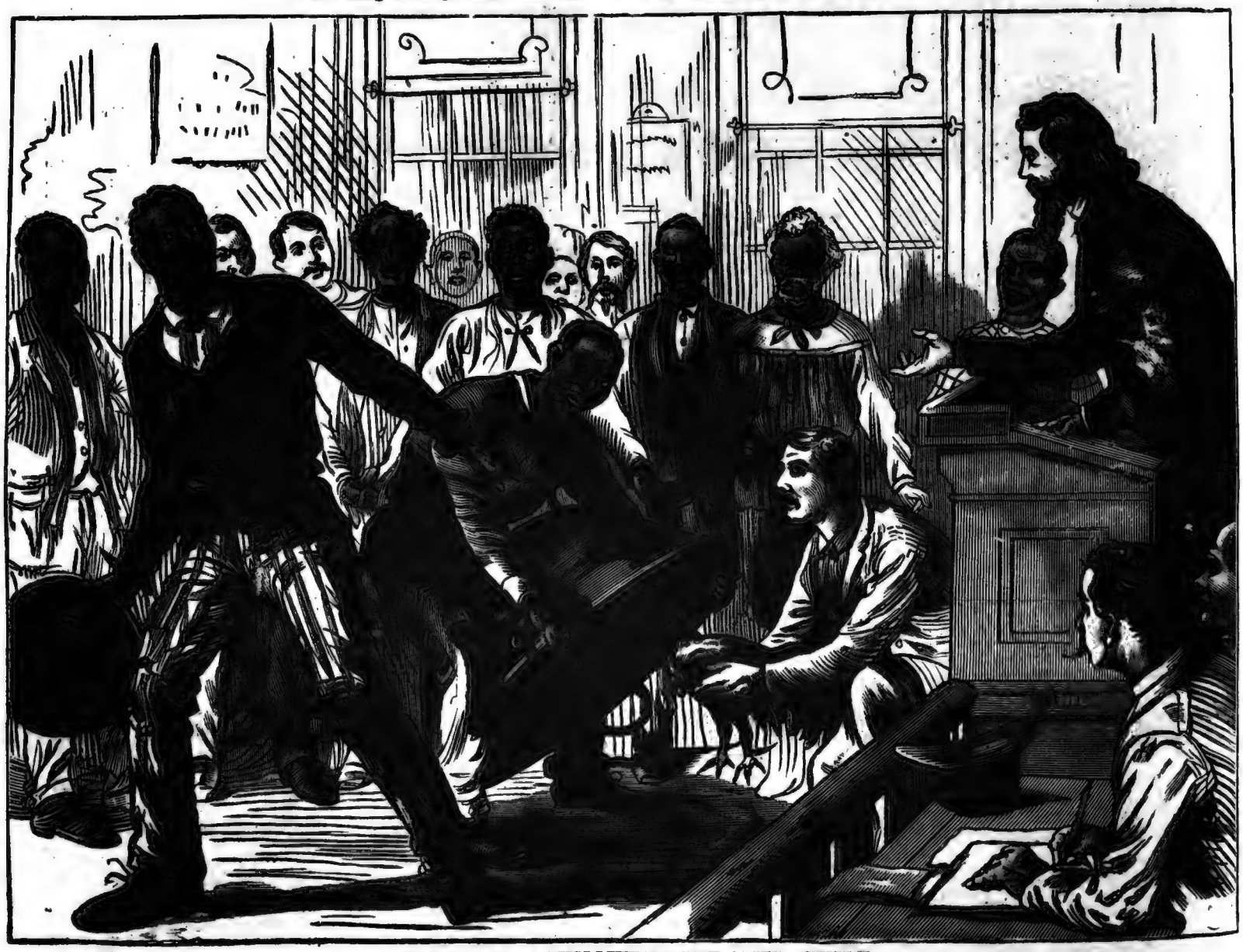
"Oh, dear, yes, I'm sure from what she said."

"What was it?"

"She thought his sermon was so cute."

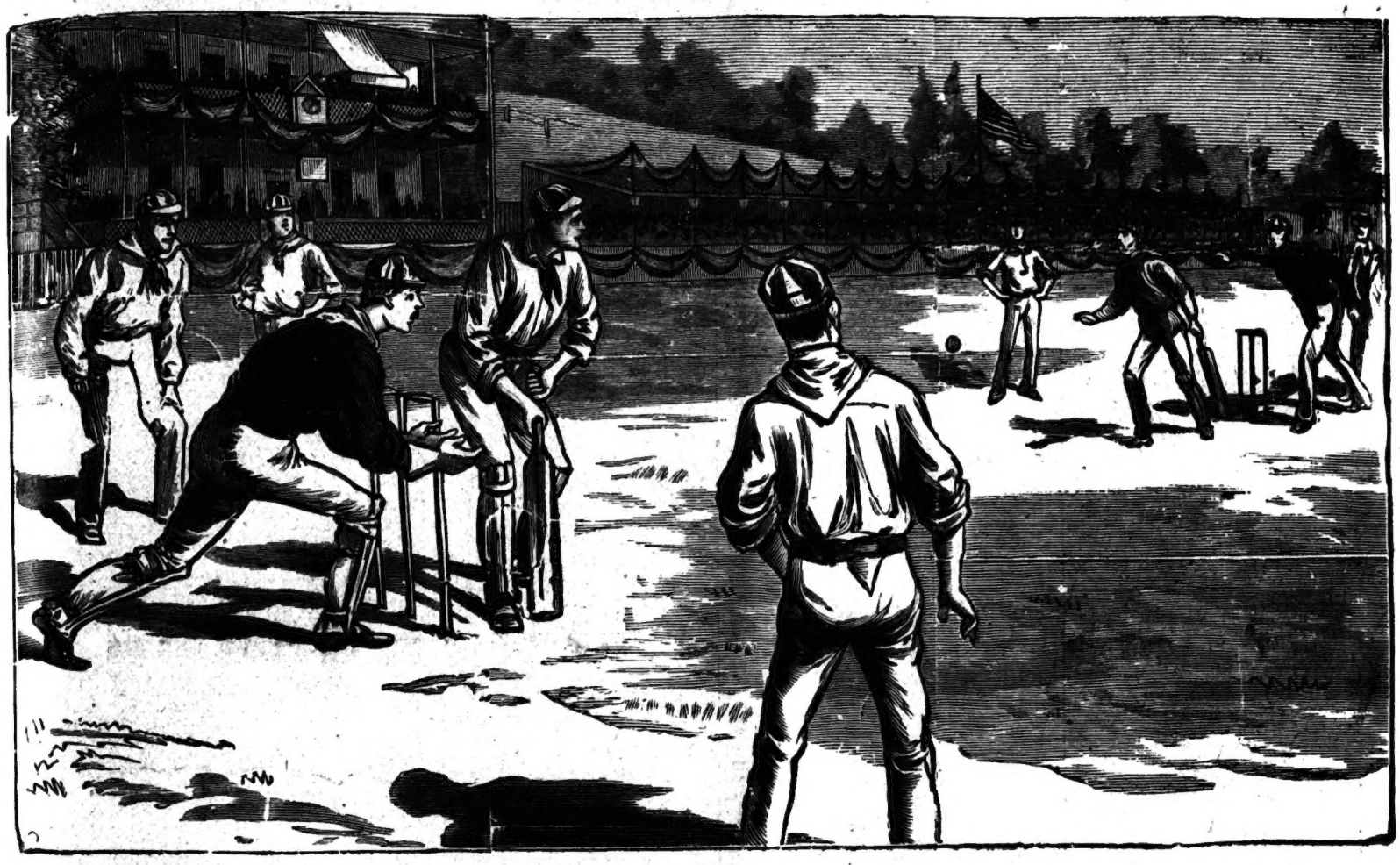
SHE DANCED A HORNPIPE.

A Young Society Lady who knows how to Handle her Feet to Perfection.



EPHRIAM ACKNOWLEDGED HIS GUILT.

How a Judge Induced a Chicken Thief to make a Confession.



LORD HAWKE'S TEAM WINS AT PHILADELPHIA.

The English Gentlemen Dispose of America's Crack Cricket Team.

SERVED HIM A GOOD LESSON.

Two Plucky Girls Treat a Cowboy to a Dash of Cold Water for his Impertinence.

SPANIARDS IN THE BULL RING.

A STRANGE scene occurred on September 24 at a bull-fight at Valladolid, in which two of the chief bull-fighters of Spain, Guerrita and Reverte, were engaged. The ring was crammed with spectators, and four bulls had been despatched in the most approved manner, when a tremendous storm of rain came on.

The mayor, who presided over the sport, called Guerrita to him, and gave him and his confrères permission to take shelter in the enclosure until the rain ceased. After some time, as the rain continued, the people grew impatient, and clamoured for the return of the bull-fighters. The mayor accordingly gave orders that the men should resume. But it turned out that Guerrita and his comrade had gone off to their lodgings, and, as the rain happened to cease about this time, the wrath of the people was turned on the mayor, whom they pelted with missiles of all descriptions. That functionary forthwith announced that he would send for the missing men, and would have them fined and imprisoned if they refused to come back. It was presently found that Reverte was in bed, having been hurt in one of his encounters with a bull, but Guerrita was pounced upon and brought to the ring in a carriage, escorted by civic guards. By this time, however, it was growing late, and the people had left the bull-ring and were thronging the streets. Guerrita was received by his late admirers with execrations and showers of stones, and the authorities, to appease the populace, ordered him off to prison. He had, however, to be liberated the next day, or there would have been no bull-fight, and more trouble would then have resulted.

On the same day an improvised bull-fight took place in the country town of Vargas, in the Province of Toledo. A young man of the place, against the remonstrances of his mother, took part in the affair, and was tossed by the bull, but not seriously hurt. On returning home in the afternoon he was upbraided severely by his mother, and a few hours later blew out his brains, leaving a letter saying he had resolved to take his life "because his mother had scolded him."

JOE DARBY OF DUDLEY.

Champion All-Round Jumper of the World.

(With Portrait.)

ENGLAND has never produced but one thorough champion at all-round jumping, and that champion is none other than Joe Darby, who is acknowledged by all well-posted sporting men to be the most remarkable man who ever "pulled a shirt." Records he holds to-day will stand for many years before another such marvel will be developed to equal or excel them.

Darby was born at Windmill End, Borough of Dudley, August 6, 1861, stands in height 5ft 8¼in, and weighs as much as 13st 2lb at the present time. He was just twenty years of age when he cropped into prominence as a jumping champion, and since then he has upheld his reputation by making records at the various styles of jumping, and on July 23, 1894, at Dudley Castle Grounds, he made his last appearance as a competitor in any match or open event, when he won a belt, emblematic of the jumping championship of the world. He scored a total of 421ft 11¼in; his protégé, Jack Short, securing second honours with 386ft 1¼in. Unlike other jumpers, Darby never wears a spiked shoe, and many of his best performances have been accomplished when he wore clogs. During his career, which has been a most remarkable one, Darby has placed to his credit the following best on record:—

ONE BACKWARD JUMP—12ft 11in, J. Darby, of Dudley, at Haden Hill Park, September 14, 1891.

STANDING WIDE JUMP (with weights)—14lb 9in, by J. Darby, of Dudley, September 19, 1890, Star Music Hall, Liverpool; without weights—12ft 1¼in, J. Darby, of Dudley, May 28, 1890.

STANDING HIGH JUMP—6ft, by J. Darby (with his ankles tied), at Church Cricket Ground, June 11, 1892; 6ft 5¼in, by J. Darby (after two stand spring jumps), at Wolverhampton, February 5, 1892.

TWO STAND FORWARD SPRING JUMPS—28ft, by J. Darby, of Dudley. Without weights—24ft 7in, by J. Darby, Star Music Hall, Liverpool, September 19, 1890.

THREE STANDING JUMPS (with weights)—41ft 7in, by J. Darby, of Dudley, at Westminster Aquarium, London, November 5, 1888. Without weights—35ft 11in, by J. Darby, at Rowland's Circus, Walsall, November 6, 1891.

THREE STANDING JUMPS (bare feet)—40ft 11in, by J. Darby, at Bloxwich, July 20, 1891.

FOUR FORWARD SPRING JUMPS—56ft 2in, by J. Darby, Dudley, August 19, 1889.

FIVE STANDING FORWARD SPRING JUMPS (with weights)—76ft 3in, by J. Darby, at Castle Grounds, Dudley, May 28, 1890; without weights—61ft 5¼in, J. Darby.

SEVEN STANDING JUMPS (with weights)—32yds 4in, by J. Darby, of Dudley, at Moorfield Grounds, Failsworth, on July 2, 1887.

TEN FORWARD SPRING JUMPS—137ft 7in, by J. Darby, Dudley, August 19, 1889.

SEVENTEEN FORWARD SPRING JUMPS—81yds 1ft 6in, by J. Darby, at Netherton, September 10, 1888.

Darby and his friend Jack Jones paid a visit to THE MIRROR OF LIFE office, September 27, to pay his respects previous to going on tour in the provinces. Being of a quiet, unassuming mien, he was loth to talk much about himself, but, fortunately, his friend and adviser, Jack Jones, came to his relief, and imparted the information we desired.

"This makes Joe's third engagement he has fulfilled at the Empire," said Jones, "and that is truly saying a great deal, because it is seldom the Empire management request anyone to play more than one engagement at the house. For the week ending October 6 he shows at Manchester, then he has a week of idleness, after which he performs at Chesterfield, Dewsbury, Middlesbury, Sunderland, Nelson, Hanley, and Birmingham, a week in each town. Darby's visit to the States was a prosperous one, and had he so desired he could have remained there for at least another twelvemonth, because everywhere he exhibited his feats were regarded as the most marvellous performances ever witnessed. He was showing in Paris when he got word to return to Dudley and contend for the championship belt, which, of course, he easily won.

"Probably one of the hardest feats he performs is a new feature to the British public, and that is to clear

A Six-Foot Hall Slate.

There are many people who claim to do great jumping feats, but that is one which will force any of them to take a back seat. Clearing a chair and alighting upon a man's face, and then to the floor without injuring the man he jumps on, is also a delicate and most difficult task, and he does pretty much the same style of performance, with the exception that he lands in a tub of water without going below the surface."

Clearing a Chair Set upon a Table

is a feat that invariably calls forth rapturous applause, and no other man but Darby has ever accomplished it. The same may be said of his clearing a regulation billiard table, twelve feet long, minus the cushions, with a take off six inches high. It compels a man to not only do a high, but a broad jump too. Being unable to procure a customer in an all-round match for a suitable amount of money, Darby has concluded to retire, and I don't think I'm going too far when I say that it will be a great many years before the world will see another such a marvel as Joe. He is unquestionably the most phenomenal jumper that ever lived, and those who have seen him perform are free to bear me out in my assertion. His novice, Jack Short, is probably the best jumper in the field to-day, now that Joe has retired, and he can be backed for any amount of money against any man in the world. In every place we go Joe proves to be a drawing card, and he can always get a return engagement at a large salary.

FLORENCE ARCHER.

A Clever Soubrette who has made a hit with the Comedy Sketch, "Heroes of the Fleet."

(With Portrait.)

MISS ARCHER, after serving her apprenticeship at the Conquest Academy of Stage Dancing, made her début at the Grecian Theatre, London. Accepting a twelve months' engagement with Katti Lanner, she scored a success travelling on the Continent. She next appeared as principal dancer with Miss Mardina's company, following this engagement as principal dancer with Jarrett's Pantomime Company. It was whilst with that troupe that she met Charles Mawson, whom she married, and the pair then joined forces as duettists and dancers, visiting all the leading music-halls in the kingdom.

Miss Archer is playing the admiral's niece in the nautical comedy, "Heroes of the Fleet."

JOE BERRY OF WOOD GREEN.

A Clever Pugilist who has Won Several Battles with Gloves.

(With Portrait.)

JOE BERRY, a clever 8st pugilist of Wood Green, is but twenty-four years of age, stands 5ft 2½in in height, and scales, in fighting gear, 8st. He started boxing six years ago, defeating Tom Findlay in six rounds in his initial battle. Since then he has beat Macey, three rounds, beat Bill Lambert, two rounds; beat Gus Beaumont, seven rounds; was runner up to Jem Evans in an open 8st competition; beat Jem Harding, six rounds; beat Bert Smith, six rounds; beat Arthur Richardson, twenty rounds; won an 8st competition at Wood Green, disposing of G. Beaumont in the final bout; beat Joe Spinks, four rounds; beaten by Bill Burley, six rounds; beaten by Mike Small (on a foul), four rounds; beat Bill Gullis, three rounds.

Berry is always ready to take on any lad at even weight for a purse.

HARRY MILFORD.

A South-Londoner who gives Promise of becoming a Prominent Vocalist.

(With Portrait.)

HARRY MILFORD, of Brixton, gives promise of attaining prominence as a clever sentimental vocalist. He was born in Birmingham nineteen years ago last April. Possessing a good voice, he took to singing at concerts and private entertainments in the South of London, and attracted considerable attention because of his excellent style and appearance. Though he has not been fortunate enough to grace the footlights at the leading music halls, his prospects are exceptionally brilliant for a young man, and during the coming season the general public will be afforded ample opportunity to judge of his abilities, because, we understand, he has been engaged for a lengthy season to appear at one of our leading amusement resorts.

RICHARD ROPER.

Proprietor of the Porcupine Hotel, Mottingham, where the Coffee Cooler is Training.

(With Portrait.)

THOUGH Richard Roper, proprietor of the Porcupine Hotel at Mottingham, makes no pretensions to possessing sporting proclivities, he is ever ready to advance the interest in any branch of manly exercises. It is at his hotel where Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, is in training for his coming battle with Johnny O'Brien. It is an excellent resort for men who contemplate training for a contest, because, in addition to the excellent roads in that vicinity, Mr. Roper has fitted up a gymnasium in the rear of the hotel, where indoor work can be indulged in without molestation from the general public.

HE: "It was rather strange that you should have clear weather throughout the voyage."

She: "Not at all. I was told that the captain swept the sky with his telescope the first thing every morning."

* * *

CLARA: "Were there any marrying men down at the beach this summer?"

Cora: "Yes, there were two ministers and a justice of the peace."

BILLY ARGYLE.

A Birmingham Sport who is a Proficient Boxer and Trainer.

(With Portrait.)

THE Birmingham Amateur Boxing Club, a few years back, owed a deal of its success to the efforts of Billy Argyle, who was one of the instructors to that once prominent organisation. He was acknowledged by all sporting men in the midlands to be one of the smartest glove performers ever turned out of Birmingham. He first appeared in the arena as an amateur, and the first event of note he placed to his credit was Professor Joe Thorley's light-weight competition in 1884. He followed this up by carrying off first prize in Tommy Monks's light-weight competition. He faced Bill Tustin ("Whuff") in the final bout, and a most exciting fight ensued. The event is even now spoken of in the district as one of the closest affairs of the kind ever witnessed. Still following up his victorious career, Argyle again caught the referee's eye in the final bout of Alf Greenfield's light-weight competition. A game and clever boxer was opposed to him in the person of Jack Glaze, who, however, had to succumb to the superior prowess of Argyle. The subject of this notice then joined the professional ranks. His first essay for money was with Sam Hodgetts, a local pugilist of note. A most determined battle was the result of the meeting. Argyle severely injured his right hand in the fifth round, but managed to bring about a draw after the fight had lasted two hours. Another win was registered when he met Amos, of Wolverhampton, in the final of a competition promoted by Alf Greenfield in that town. Jack Sullivan, of Hackney, was his next victim. Argyle disposed of him in four rounds. Billy then gave his attention to instructing the "noble art," and was tutor to the B. A. B. C. (a once famous nursery for amateur champions) in 1886-7-8, and brought out some of the smartest lads in its ranks. He also held a private class with marked success. He is at present mine host at the Fighting Cocks, Deritend, Birmingham, a famous district for pugilists in bygone days. He trained Harry Overton for his engagement with Tom Woolley, of Walsall.

ALF. BUCKINGHAM OF BLOOMSBURY.

A Clever All-Round Athlete and 7st 4lb Pugilist.

(With Portrait.)

Alf. Buckingham, of Bloomsbury, is a compositor who has attained distinction at boxing, swimming, and running. He was born in Grosvenor Square in 1869, and when eighteen years of age he started as an amateur, securing a win in his first contest by defeating G. Taylor, Clare Market, in three rounds, at Sergeant Green's. He next beat A. Humphreys, Lambeth, six rounds, at the same place; G. Taylor, Clare Market, six rounds, at Freemason's Arms, Long Acre; G. Bryant, Bloomsbury, twelve rounds, at the same place; A. Seal, Drury Lane, four rounds, at the Castle Club, Long Acre; and a 7st competition, beating A. White, Clerkenwell, in the final, at the Perseverance, Great St. Andrew Street, W.C. Became a professional, beating J. Dean, Clerkenwell, twelve rounds, at Bat Mullins'; C. Onslow, Westminster, seven rounds, at Tom Symonds'; T. Sexton, Shoreditch, four rounds, at Her Majesty's Theatre; G. Taylor, Clare Market, eight rounds and a half, at Professor Waite's School of Arms; A. Fernell, Hackney, six rounds, at Tom Symonds'; A. Green, Shoreditch, ten rounds, at Ormonde Club; G. Deardon, Soho, six rounds, at Store Street Hall; G. Taylor, Clare Market, six rounds, at Store Street Hall; G. Knight, Shoreditch, two rounds, at Goodwin Gymnasium, on a foul; G. Deardon, Soho, eleven rounds, Soho School of Arms. Beaten by E. Gamble, St. James's, the winner in F. Hinde's 7st 4lb Competition (sixteen entries), after beating G. Baxter, Fulham, and D. Sharod, Mile End, runner-up to W. Bolton, St. George's, in the 7st 4lb championship belt of England, which was lost on a foul, after beating Newman, Soho, and Gauntlett, Birmingham. Visiting Dublin, he was beaten by Joe McGrath in eighteen rounds for the Bantam Weight Championship of Ireland; beat Bill Bolton, St. George's, nineteen rounds; beat W. Brown, four rounds; beat Nicey Moore, six rounds, at Newmarket; beat Tom Pickard, twelve rounds, Goodwin Gymnasium; beat W. Gasker, twelve rounds; beat J. Richardson, eight rounds; beaten by Bill Mortimer, thirteen rounds, at Epsom. Buckingham won in all twenty-one contests and one competition. At running he has run third to W. Barrett first, and A. Bates second, in a *Sporting Life* 200 yards handicap, won a 200 yards handicap at Bow, and second to W. Howe in a 100 yards handicap at Erith. He has also been fairly successful in swimming races.

MRS. MCSWAT: "That new girl in the kitchen breaks an awful lot of china; she worries me nearly to death."

Mr. McSwat: "I don't mind it so much. When she's breaking china she isn't singing 'Marguerite.'"

— If George Chrisp, of Newcastle, will make a match with Jerry Driscoll, champion of the Navy.

— If Johnny Boyle, of Glasgow, will turn out a tip-topper as a 10st man.

— If any amateur runner will wipe out Crossland's 20 mile record next season.

— If we have not attained the speed limit of bicycling.

— If Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, will appear on the stage as a song-and-dance artist.

— If George Mawson will ride the winner of the Grand National next year.

— If welshing on the racecourse will ever be completely stopped.

— If women think they appear graceful riding a bicycle with bloomers on.

— If the promoters of boxing contests won't overdo the thing this season.

— If the public are aware of the fact that we shall have some good battles this season.

— If we shall ever have any female jockeys in this country.

— If Dave St. John, the Welsh giant, will ever go to the States, as he threatens to do, and look for a fight there.

— If Walter Edgerton, the Kentucky Rosebud, will come here this winter and fight Fred Johnson.

— If George Grant, the Scotch champion sprinter, will enter any of the coming £100 foot handicaps.

— If the public realise that Thomas Webster, of the Brandon Club, 90, Argyle Street, Glasgow, has on hand portraits of the best English pugilists and athletes.

— If any sporting journal ever published gave such live and interesting gossip as THE MIRROR OF LIFE does.

— If Charley Mitchell will ever come forward as a fighter again, and what he proposes to do when he returns to the States.

— If Frank P. Slavin's tour in the provinces has been successful, financially.

— If Jem Mace realised any profit out of his recent benefit, reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

— If there is anything that looks more ludicrous than an old maid riding a bicycle.

— If the boom in boxing isn't due to the Royal and Imperial patronage it received at Aldershot.

— If Jabez Balfour will make the disclosures anticipated when he reaches England.

— If Morny Cannon will finish up the season a leader in winning mounts.

— If the public have availed themselves of our predictions in the Turf Notes from week to week.

— If there will be enough subjects to go round when the shaving competition is being decided.

CABBY COULDN'T SEE THE JOKE.

ARTHUR CRICK, cabdriver, has had many experiences with generous fares, mean fares, and runaway fares, but he never came across a genuinely humorous one until a day or two ago, when he drove Mr. Arthur Williams, of Wimbledon, home from Fulham for the liberal sum of 15s. It was only humour that led Mr. Williams to refuse to pay cabby anything when they arrived at their journey's end; but Crick, being new to this form of waggery, was puzzled, and was only pacified by an invitation to call next day. This he took seriously, and went away feeling that the 15s., after all, was as good as in his pocket. On the morrow—so goes his piteous tale—he repaired to the house, and was treated to more humour, Mrs. Williams offering him ten shillings, and observing that if he wanted more he would have to go to another place for it—not the police-court. Crick thought half-a-sovereign was, after all, not to be scoffed at, and accepted it. Then, while he was "talking," as he put it, to the lady she ran upstairs, and a moment later her husband emptied a ewer of water from the bedroom window overhead, drenching him to the skin. Of course this was the essence of the joke, and the two jesters enjoyed it immensely. But Crick showed not the slightest appreciation of these hydraulic quips and cranks, and completely spoilt their point by taking out a summons for assault. Mr. Williams, when before the Wimbledon Bench, modestly disclaimed the complainant's glowing description of his humorous powers, but he was fined £2 and 13s. 6d. costs. Crick, whose sense of fun was at last awakened, considered this really the crowning joke of the series, but Mr. Williams thought so little of it that he expressed the intention of improving on it by an appeal.

EUGENE STRATTON.

A Clever Song and Dance Artist who is Decidedly Popular in England.

(With Portrait.)

MR. EUGENE STRATTON, who has won so great a prominence on the music-hall stage, was born in Buffalo, New York State, in 1861. As early as his sixth year he showed theatrical aptitude, and at his school, St. Joseph's College, always took part in the periodical entertainments given by the boys. Recitations, dialogues, and short comedies were the order of the day, and to young Eugene was always allotted the comedy parts. He was a born dancer, never had a lesson in his life, and, in fact, dancing is among his very earliest recollections. These school performances bore fruit in a professional engagement at a very early age, for before he was ten years old he was performing at Dan Shelby's Music Hall, Buffalo, working with a partner named Wesley in song-and-dance and acrobatic business.

With the Haverley Minstrel Troupe he visited practically every American city, and was a member of that organisation in their well-remembered visit to England in 1880. In that year the Haverleys opened at Her Majesty's, and then played a short provincial tour, returning to London on Boxing Day, and running up till February, 1881. The Haverleys then returned to America minus Mr. Stratton, who had thrown in his lot with the Moore and Burgess Minstrels. Mr. Stratton was certainly one of the most popular members ever known in that troupe. His celebrated "Whistling Coon" song was first sung by him as a corner-man of the troupe, and for six years that song held the boards. In 1892 Mr. Stratton turned his eyes varietywards, and opened in the halls on August Bank Holiday, first appearing at the Royal, Trocadero, and Paragon, quickly following with the Pavilion, Tivoli, Oxford, Empire, Cambridge, Canterbury, New London, and other variety theatres of note.

LORD HAWKE'S TEAM IN AMERICA.

They Defeat the Philadelphians, the Best Eleven in the States.

(Subject of Illustration.)

LORD HAWKE must certainly have felt proud over the victory his eleven scored at Philadelphia, the other day. As that is the best team in the States, it is safe to predict a successful tour for the English gentlemen.

THEY SOUGHT EACH OTHER'S BLOOD.

An Indignant Wife Jealous of a Friend and Insisted on Duelling.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IN Paris recently the wife of a civil official discovered in a drawer in her husband's study a certain document, which had no connection with the affairs of State. On the contrary, it was rather a flighty missive, for, indited in a feminine hand, it bade the gentleman in question to a rendezvous on the morrow. The lady remembered that her husband had absented himself from the domestic hearth at the precise hour named in the note, and, boiling over with fury and indignation, she donned her bonnet and mantle and hurried off to the house of the writer, who is also a married woman. The two families, it should be added, were on very intimate terms. There were some verbal interchanges, which had not the effect of calming the irate wife. It resulted in the pair doffing their dresses and, grasping daggers, set out to fight it out to a finish. The injured wife grazed the breast of the other several times. Loud screams brought the servants to the spot, and soon the indignant wife, who, in the meantime, had had a violent fit of hysterics, was being conducted in her own carriage to his office by the Police Commissary. Some hours afterwards she was set at liberty, as the lady whom she had attacked had, with her husband, decided that no complaint should be lodged, on account of the gossip to which the affair would inevitably have given rise. But for the timely arrival of the servants the affair would have terminated in a tragic manner.

THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.

The Famous London Institution where Craig and O'Brien fight, October 8.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE National Sporting Club is famous throughout the world as an institution pre-eminent for the promotion of sparring contests. It is located in the west end of Covent Garden, and was, in years gone by, known as Evans' Supper Rooms. The building is four stories high, and as you ascend a few steps to enter you step into a lobby. Passing up one flight of stairs you reach the billiard-room, where the club matches are decided. Above that floor the rooms are elegantly furnished as sleeping apartments. To reach the main hall of the theatre, you have, on entering the building, to descend one flight of stairs, and, passing through the dining hall, arranged for club dinners, you enter a large hall where the sparring contests are held. At the extreme end there is a stage and scenery, but that is never utilised excepting when a smoking concert is held. On Monday nights many of the members sit there to get a good view of the ring, which is pitched on a raised platform twenty feet from the stage. Between the stage and the ring there are three rows of chairs for the benefit of the directors. The centre ones on the back row, which is elevated above the front rows, the referee, B. J. Angle, and the timekeeper sit when contests are in progress.

On three sides of the ring, chairs are placed in rows for the benefit of the members, and directly above them is the gallery, portioned off in boxes on two sides; four people can comfortably sit side by side in each box, close to the rail. Back of them is accommodation for at least five rows of chairs. That portion of the gallery which faces the stage contains seats in the same style as a dress circle in a theatre.

As you leave the gallery you step into the observatory, which is expensively decorated throughout. Between the observatory and the lobby, at the entrance, is the refreshment and reading room, where THE MIRROR OF LIFE and other important daily and weekly papers are kept on file.

Mr. Fleming has a reception room off the lobby, close to the entrance to the club. The club is, without question, the handsomest and best appointed of its kind in the world. The membership is over a thousand, and includes many dukes, lords, and honourables who are admirers of sparring sport.

The manner in which it is conducted reflects considerable credit upon Mr. Fleming. The opening show for the coming season occurs October 8, when Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, and John O'Brien, the Welsh champion, meet. They go 20 rounds, and are restricted to 11st 4lb each in weight.

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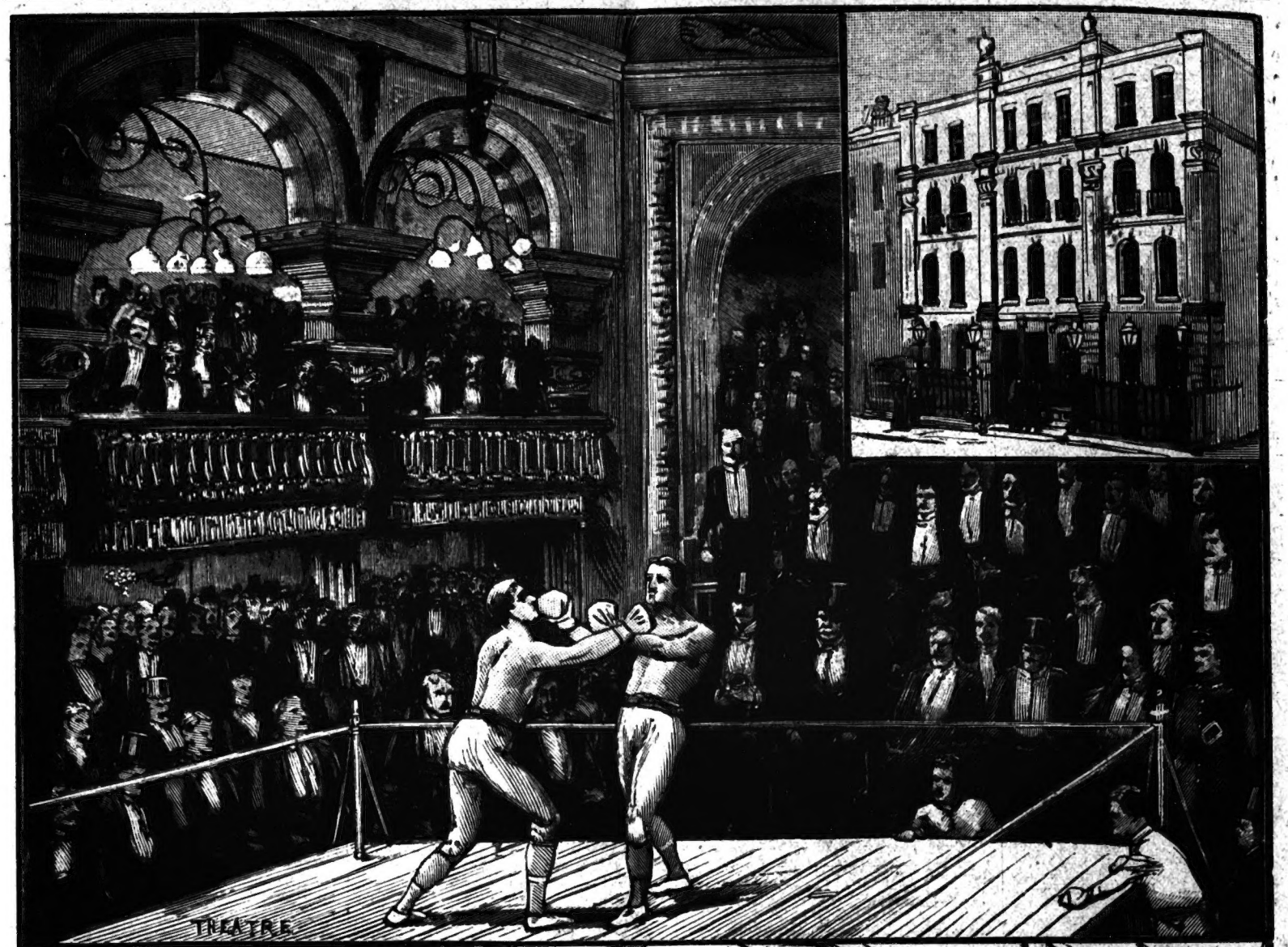

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